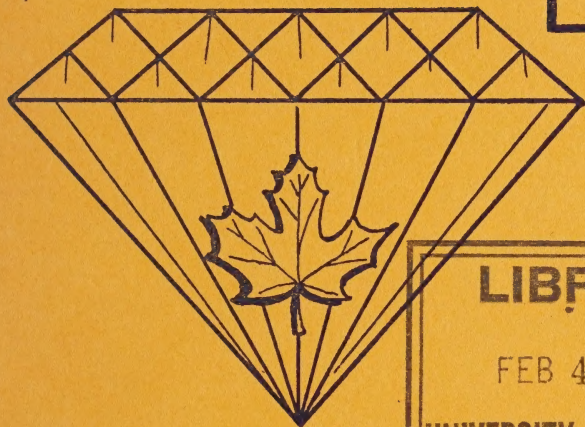


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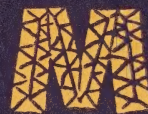
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**Happy
New
Year**



111



THE DIAMOND

FOUNDED 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY
with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON
C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D. Commissioner of Penitentiaries
and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND
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CENSUS (Dec. 31, 1956)

Total Population	439	Received	30
High Number	4642	Disch. by Expiry	14
Low Number	3254	Tickets of Leave	21
Transferred to K.P.	2		

HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED?
See convenient renewal form on back

COLLIN'S BAY DIAMOND - JAN. -

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

(Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

(Protestant)

Reverend Canon Minto Swan,
M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

MUSIC

Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

.... A Philosopher

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This Concerns YOU!

IN this article we are departing from our usual policy of writing for all our readers and addressing this to our fellow inmates exclusively.

The January issue of The Diamond is the first to be published by your new editorial staff. While we have all contributed to past issues, we think you will observe certain differences in the format of the magazine, particularly insofar as the cover is concerned. We hope this meets with your approval, and we shall endeavour to effect certain changes as the year progresses, firmly believing in the maxim that variety is the spice of life.

For the first time since The Diamond was founded some six years ago, every member of the editorial staff is devoting his own time to the magazine — all have other full-time jobs. With due respect to our predecessors, we feel this makes for more harmony and better feeling on the part of all serving time with us. This fact, however, brings others in its train, not the least of which is the necessity of receiving support in the form of contributions to each and every issue.

It has always been our contention that if twenty articles appear in the magazine, twenty

names should appear with them — in other words, there should be a continuing flow of contributions. Granted, not everyone has the ability to express himself clearly but everyone has some thoughts and it is the job of your staff to assist you in putting them into print. If a penal magazine can justify itself, its primary function is to express the mass thinking of the population it represents, and how can this be accomplished unless we are approached by you?

A copy of this issue is being distributed to every man in the institution, and we would like you to read the contents from cover to cover. When you have finished, just take time to write what you like and dislike at the bottom of this page, tear it out, and drop into the Diamond box in the main corridor. Would you like more personal news such as Reelin' and Dealin'? Would you like more short stories or jokes? Do you like or dislike Quality Quotes, Poetry, and Kampus Kweeries?

Our first concern is to please you, and our second to let the outside public know what we think. No member of your staff is a 'wheel' and the only privilege we seek is that of doing a job for you, but you must help us. How about it?

The Diamond Staff

Editorial

AS we stand at the threshold of a New Year, time in the present seems to dissolve and become part of either — or both — the past and the future. It is at such a period that we may well pause and take an inventory of past success or failures and formulate plans for a better future. We are, nonetheless, still in the present, and if we do not take stock at some particular point in the passage of time, past merges with future in a tangle of 'putting off 'til tomorrow' and we become so trapped in the loose ends that we are hopelessly bewildered.

The past actually constitutes experience, and regardless of how costly this has been, when properly analysed, it is our most valuable, most private possession. It has been truly said that no man profits by another's experience, and this truism is tragically apparent by the increasing number of men in prisons throughout the country today. A more devastating thought is that many of these men may not profit from their own unhappy experience. A man may unwittingly invest money in a house, only to find it has been built on quicksand, and watch it sink before his eyes: he may endorse a note for a fraudulent friend and be called upon to pay the amount from his own earnings. In either case it may be safely assumed that this man will not repeat his mistakes — he has learned by experience.

Unlike the money we invest to acquire land, a home, a car, or any of the other material comforts we associate with a fuller life today, the debt we in penal institutions are retiring is paid off by time rather than dollars, and while it is difficult to assess a true relationship between the two, nothing compensates us for loss of liberty. The cost to many of us must seem horribly disproportionate to the error we made, but we have one thing in common — with every second that passes we are all closer to the complete discharge of our obligation.

When we reach the point of discharge of our obligation, as was prescribed by law at some time in the past, we automatically reach the point of discharge from the penitentiary

wherein we have served our time. Regardless of what date in the year on which this day may fall, are we not, in effect, starting on a New Year of living? If we, upon leaving prison, take stock of the past as a business-man would, we will strike a profit or loss figure for our operations, take stock, and set a new goal for the future. To the business-man this goal will be achieved by cutting his expenses to the bare minimum to conserve his small capital, making only sound investments where he has been imprudent in the past, and working to the maximum of his physical and mental ability at the job he has to do. To you and me the same formula should apply but it may be stated in two words — going straight.

It is difficult to visualize a future more precarious than that facing a man leaving prison, but it is not difficult to find men more seriously handicapped. What of the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the crippled? What of the physically deformed and mentally arrested? Yes, there is hardship, and censure, and prejudice — even scorn, perhaps — facing us, but there is nothing on the face of the earth that we cannot overcome: if we have our physical attributes intact, our mental processes unimpaired, and are as confident of success in earning as we were in stealing, we can face the future with a healthy outlook.

Nothing worthwhile is easy of attainment, and while you fight be resolute, in defeat be defiant and in success be grateful. As the New Year on the calendar holds promise of better things, so make your New Year of living — be it this one, or next, or some later — yield you by your efforts what it has withheld in the past. Business is very cold-blooded and it won't be easy to break through, but remember one fact very clearly: you won't be the first ex-convict to do it. There are many successful 'graduates' who faced the same problem but by perseverance they licked it, and there are few phrases that roll off the tongue so sweetly as "I told you so." Let us decide now — you and me — that we will be they who say it, not the cynics and defeatists who moan "you can't."

Paradise Lost

Rick Windsor

ID you ever build an image when you were a child, an image that some day you hoped to meet? Sound funny? Maybe, but not to me.

When I was younger and hanging around with the gang from the corner, I often wondered if I would ever meet the girl I would marry in that exact spot. The corner! One day I decided to build an image in my mind, and when I met the girl who most resembled my created image, I would make her my wife. I do not wish to convey that I am a second Casanova or Don Juan, but when I met the incarnation of my idea I would promise everything—the earth, the sun, the stars—to win her.

The first few months of construction were easy—I took the arms from one young lady, the legs from a second, the hair and lips from yet another. As my ever-seeking eyes continued their relentless search, my image grew by the addition of each desirable physical charm until my vision was bodily complete. The search continued, now much more diligently but less rewarding, for I was endeavouring to find those elusive, intangible, finishing touches to perfect my one woman—poise, grace, dignity and personality.

I knew many women and studied each intently, instinctively, indefatigably, hoping to find in any one some of the qualities that seemed to elude my eyes and delay completion of my ideal. Countless times I felt I had succeeded in some small measure, only to discard as unworthy of my masterpiece the shallow imitation of poise or grace I had seen fleetingly in some girl. I had almost decided to give up the search and attribute it to a teenager's foolishness when, like a blinding flash of lightning that illuminates the blackest sky—it happened. There, in front of me, was the living, vibrant, pulsating personification of my envisioned madonna.

My feelings at this particular moment I cannot adequately express in words—they were a compound of confusion, consternation and

composure. How could this have happened in one split second after the months I had toiled? How could the living lady so far surpass the mirrored model? How could I believe such a reward was mine? Lady Luck was indeed in her most beneficent mood on this occasion, because I saw my 'vision' in a theatre that was featuring a musical at the time, I with another chap and this lady with one of her own sex, seated immediately in front of us. As though the meeting in surroundings of proximity was not sufficient, it so happened that my buddy was acquainted with the companion—an almost miraculous circumstance and truly conducive to our meeting. We started a friendly conversation and I even made a date with her for the following evening.

Later that night as I lay in bed I thought back over the months of planning and building my image and compared the reality which I had met to the dream. In every way the living woman equalled and surpassed the painstakingly-built dream-girl: auburn hair and beautiful eyes, full red lips, perfect teeth, a dazzling complexion. In physical proportions my constructed model had been implemented. Turning out my light, I planned a strategic campaign for the next day.

"Hi, Mary" was my greeting when I met her the following evening. We went nowhere in particular, just talked and walked, and when the time came to part for the night, I did not even attempt to kiss her goodnight. This went on for several months, our friendship ripening into liking and, so far as I was concerned, ending up head over heels in love. One night I explained how I felt, and to my complete astonishment, found she felt the same way. While we were living on this pinnacle, disaster struck. I was arrested for receiving, convicted, and sent to jail for six months.

For three months no night passed when I did not receive a letter from Mary, sweet, tender, loving. Suddenly, without any indication or explanation, the letters ceased, and I received none for the last three months of my imprisonment. It was a seemingly endless wait,

but upon my release, I learned the truth from Mary. It seems that a friend of mine—we will call him Douglas—had made up a lot of stories to tell her in an effort to poison her mind toward me. Further, his solicitous attitude for my welfare did not stop with Mary, and he had spread the news of my bootlegging, stealing and general dissolution to her sisters and as many of her friends as he could locate. It is little wonder, therefore, with so many people advising, cautioning and generally discussing me in a manner so inimical to my interests, that Mary's attitude toward me had changed.

Much serious discussion took place between the two of us, and eventually the situation was clarified to our mutual satisfaction: once again on solid ground, we discussed our future. If I wanted Mary I must settle down, get a job and work at it—in short, be Mr. Square John. Oh, there was no doubt of my wanting her, but I shuddered at the thought of going to work.

One night in November, 1951, I asked Mary if she would marry me after the New Year. She explained very clearly that she would not marry me until I could prove to her that I would work and stay out of trouble. When I think of that night, the request does not seem at all unreasonable, but at the time I certainly acted the part of a fool. I stormed from the house and went to a downtown bar. I met Al, a friend of mine, and naturally did some crying on his shoulder. After a few more drinks, I decided I would get some money and show her I was Mr. Big and didn't have to work.

For a few weeks I was very lucky, made lots of bucks, and was always eager to wave them under her nose. She knew I was stealing again and we drifted farther apart. In January 1952 I was in fair shape financially, and decided one more outing would be last. Yes, you're right—it was my last—for ten

years! The inevitable happened—I ended this last outing by being arrested, tried and convicted. I was sent here to the Pen.

Five long years have passed since my arrest but hardly a day has gone by when I haven't thought of my image—and the fulfillment—in some way. I certainly couldn't ask her to wait because it would be unfair. Looking back on the whole tragic affair, I could kick myself where it would hurt the most for not realizing just how much I truly loved her and needed her.

I heard from Mary at Christmas in 1953 and 1954—just Christmas cards, sent, I felt, out of courtesy. Imagine my happiness, then, when Easter of 1956 brought a card from her, bearing the most tender greetings for my well-being. This was indeed more than I had reason to expect and certainly more than I had dared to hope for. Since that time — silence.

Where she is now, I do not know: how she is, I do not know. But wherever she goes, or whatever she does, there always will be my love, my respect and my admiration. There is no good this world may hold that I do not wish for her, and my constant prayer is that in misfortune or trouble, should they strike, she will think first of me. I will be ever ready to do anything or everything within my power to aid, comfort, shield and assist her, and my love and my understanding are as fixed as a star in its course,

When Lady Luck arranged our meeting, could it have been Fate disguised—that grinning, toothless hag who offers the cup running over, only to dash it from our hands as we raise it to our lips? I may never know, but if I lost the toss with Fate, I shall ever have the memory of the one woman I built, I found—and lost.

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—"it might have been."

In this walled-in area of the fourth estate, we penal press writers are often too quick to despair during temporary periods of gloom. After all, when the chips are down there really isn't an excess of 'happy' subject material evolving around prisons and prisoners.

The publisher suggests newsmen dig harder to get the cheering aspect of what at first appears to be a gloomy story. He says, "Most everybody will willingly talk about troubles. Talking about trouble indirectly breeds trouble." Admittedly we have our share of troubles in our incarcerated cities behind the walls. The controversial question then arises: "Why talk about them?"

From *The Spectator*
(Jackson, Mich.)

You, Too, Can Help!

Fred Marsden

CANADIANS are known the world over for being generous and always willing to give a helping hand. This has most recently been proven by their willingness to help Hungarian refugees in making a new start in Canada. At the same time, there is much to be desired in the help they have extended in helping the ex-convict start life anew after the prison gates have opened once more, returning him to the free world. This man has just finished paying his debt to society for some crime he has committed in the past, and maybe it isn't even his first time for paying such a debt.

Many words and much print have been used in trying to tell you, the tax-payer, of the new prison rehabilitation system now in use: men are now being taught trades instead of doing forced bull labour: men are given the opportunity to go out of prison with a useful trade that will allow them to make an honest living and take their places as respected citizens in the community.

There are a variety of reasons for these men being here in the first place, but these are too numerous to list: at the same time, every one who leaves here does not intend to go straight, but must those who do be condemned for a foolish few? Let us just consider what the ex-con is up against and where he needs a helping hand: by this I do mean charity.

A released man's first need is a home with love and forgiveness; whether he is returning from his first or tenth time behind bars. All he asks is to be accepted by his wife or parents from the first day he arrives home, like a baseball player coming to bat with no strikes against him instead of two. Give him a chance to prove that he is a different person, at the same time letting him know he is completely forgiven and that the past is to be forgotten. Start anew from that first day.

You are probably thinking now: "I have done that before," but just remember that this man may not have had the training before which he now possesses. For a man to be forgiven AGAIN by those who he has failed time after time is like throwing a life-belt to a drowning person: you have tried every other approach and failed bitterly, now you have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

It is asking a lot to forgive a person who has failed you before and made your life a hell on earth: how true the song "You Always Hurt The One You Love"—first your parents, then your wife and children. But by so doing, the man will feel he is wanted and needed and loved by those who are nearest and dearest to him.

Next, he must go out and obtain employment, and here he encounters his second barrier. If he tells the man he is interviewing for the work that he just got out of prison, in the majority of instances that ends the interview. If he lies and is found out months later, he is immediately discharged for not having told his employer. What is the answer? Mr. Employer, you hold the answer: you have always been the first to help any needs of the community or donate to any worthwhile cause, even finding jobs for new Canadians, and you are now confronted by a man, not seeking a donation or charity, but a chance to put his chosen trade to work. You probably say to yourself: "why should I be the one to gamble on this man" but if EVERYONE says this, the man is indirectly driven back to crime, the only way he can get money to support himself.

Every time an employer takes the attitude mentioned, he is undermining the present efforts set up in Canadian penitentiaries to help convicts help themselves — efforts for which the employer is paying in taxes, efforts which have been continuing for twenty years. Was there not some time in your past life when a person gave you chance, which had he not gambled, could have resulted in your going the wrong way? We all like to be on the winning team, and we all like to be able to think, in the case of a successful man, that we had some little part in his success. We are quick to accept praise and quicker to duck defeat, but only we can win when we take the long chance.

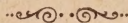
Just consider two things when making your decision about hiring or staying clear of an ex-convict: first, he intends to make use of his trade by applying for the job, and second, he has been honest about his past. In hiring the man you are probably taking the biggest chance you have ever been called on to take,

but where would the world be if, from the beginning of time, chances had not been taken?

There are bound to be bad apples in the barrel, but I am sure the majority will be found to be good. In getting a job, the ex-convict has overcome the second barrier: he may re-enter his community life with his head held erect as he can support his family as a normal person. His neighbours must now accept him also for his everyday actions and forget about his past. Don't be afraid to

speak to him when you meet him, and stop to exchange a few cheerful words: he won't bite you after all, for he's the same man you used to know!

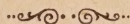
The average man on the street today strives for material gain, but for the ex-convict the biggest gain is winning back his family and friends and the right to do an honest day's work. Don't sit back and say "let George do it." You be the George to do it.



Open Letter To A Friend

The joys of leaving here
Have put me in a rut
That makes it easy to forget
The friends I've had here — but!
Thank you for your lifts and compliments,
Thank you for the laughs and joys:
Thank you for all the memories I'll have
Of this 'time' I've spent with you boys.
Thank you all for bearing
The stories I had to tell
About my troubles and hardships,
Instead of saying "To hell!"
While crying on someone else's shoulder
I just didn't take the time
To realize you had troubles enough of your own,
Without hearing all about mine.
I know in sports I had some beefs
That I hope will not last,
But will be like the final score —
And drift into the past.
I tried to do good by everyone,
As I believe was done for me,
And I'm sure it will be the same,
Even when we are 'free.'

Garry Harding



Most people spend more time and energy in going around problems than in trying to solve them.

__ *__* *__* *__*

Then there is the inmate who is such a confirmed thief that he prays he will have a nightmare every night so that he can steal the harness.

__ *__* *__* *__*

Worry is a thin stream of fear trickling through the mind. If encouraged, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained. —Arthur Somers Roche

__ *__* *__* *__*

Does burning the candle at both ends make the drip twice as bad.
—Reformatory Pillar.

No Margin For ERROR!

Keith Munro

KILLING is a ghastly business whether it is legal or not. No normal person can view the untimely death of another with indifference. It arouses the emotional outlook of an individual and shakes him to the very roots of his soul. It doesn't matter that the dead person is a victim of another individual or that he is condemned by the state: it doesn't matter who is right or wrong: it only matters that another life has gone. And yet, the life cannot be brought back, so, what can be done?

What is usually done to correct any situation? We usually find out what causes the problem and then attack it at the source. But in Canada, where murder is concerned, capital punishment is expounded in propaganda form as being the only and sure deterrent to murder. Statistics have proven this to be untrue. They have also shown that the average killer committed his act in a moment of passion. There was no thought as to the consequences for committing such an act. Yet yearly, Canada continues to execute people who made a mistake on a spur of the moment, thought or emotion.

We all make mistakes in our lifetime, and regardless of the mistakes, we can well realize how easy it is to err. Now don't misunderstand me! I'm not trying to make an excuse for murder. It is inexcusable. But the punishment is another question: How to deal with killers? What to do with them? We have the bad habit of saying one mistake is worse than another. It is if you are materialistic-minded. But there will come a day when each citizen must search his own soul and truthfully answer to the capital punishment question.

One of the first things that a proponent of capital punishment does when the question arises is to cite Mosaic Law which demands: an eye for an eye. They seldom give any consideration to the fact that the offence, while contrary to the laws of society, was not directed at them, but at the victim. Therefore, is it not reasonable then that the victim should be the only one to demand fulfillment of Mosaic Law and, being dead, is in no condition to say anything. Those who would continue to press for execution of murderer are not fulfilling the wishes of the dead by executing the

killer because there is more than a reasonable doubt that the victim, if a christian, would offer his religion of forgiveness to the one who robbed him of life.

Practically no murders are committed by men or women who are classified as criminals. The act of murder makes the perpetrator a criminal, but prior to killing, he or she, was an accepted and respected member of society. Nearly all killings are committed by adults, and these people have given much to their country in one way or another. Does not their past contribution to society mean anything? Can it not be considered? If not, then man's contribution to society is for naught.

When a killer has committed his unpardonable deed, he is condemned, and then tortured by being made to wait for months in the shadow of the noose — nights and days of terror — until the fixed day arrives. There is no doubt that some emotional sense of relief must be experienced by a doomed person when the actual moment of execution arises. No more worry about reprieves. No more personal concern over life in general. No more likes and dislikes. Just oblivion or paradise. Now the question of the hereafter will be answered.

Many supporters of capital punishment have several emotional arguments. One of them is: If you do not execute, others will think that they can get away with it. I doubt if most killers ever think of getting away with murder. I do not imagine they consider the question of right or wrong, or the possibility of getting away with it. In most cases that have come to light, this has been a fact. If there is another who has methodically planned and committed murder, then the abolitionists can point out that the shadow of the noose proved to be no deterrent. If the killing was an emotional act, then the abolitionists can point to the fact that people do not stop to consider the consequences when emotionally aroused.

I have heard many people say that if some loved one or member of their family were murdered, they would be only too happy to serve as executioner. People of this nature do not stop to realize that such an emotional outlook places them in the same spot as the

doomed man — if his crime was of the emotional variety. Secondly, they do not take into consideration the position it would place them in. People would not think very highly of them. As a matter of fact, they would lose all self-respect in their community. This is the reason that our present executioner is referred to as Mr. Ellis—real name being known only by the necessary few. It is a sad state of affairs when the government must hire a man without a name to perform an act of justice that the average citizen abhors and does not recognize — representing those same people. What form of democracy is this.

Recently, the political parties of England gave their members permission to vote on capital punishment according to their consciences. How appalling — when political parties can command and dictate the consciences of their members. Where is that moral right of self-decision?

It is compulsory in Canada that a “Not Guilty” plea be entered by a person charged with murder. The trials continue for days at an enormous cost to the taxpayers. This, it is said, is to give the defendant every facility of the law. Does this mean, then, that in other criminal cases that an accused person cannot enjoy all the privileges of the law if lacking sufficient finances to retain, what the defendant may term, a competent lawyer?

Another prerequisite in a murder trial is that there must be a jury. Selecting an acceptable panel entails many difficulties. Some people who have been called for jury duty in a murder trial have refused to serve. Some give religious beliefs as one reason, others that they do not believe in capital punishment and will not be a tool for the state. These people have been berated by the judiciary for, what they term, “Shirking a public duty.” Since when does killing become a public duty? Its an act that demands moral inventory and the dictates of your conscience. Never is any thought given to the integrity displayed by the person for having refused to serve on the jury. They are usually verbally insulted by the presiding judge and have no recourse — except to stand their ground and refuse. If they attempted to debate their stand, there is a good possibility that they would be fined for contempt of court — to which there is no appeal court if convicted. Another point in this situation is that the accusing judge is also the jury.

What would be the effect on a jury if they

knew that they must view the execution of a man whom they helped to condemn. Would they bring in a guilty verdict? Or is it possible that they would find the defendant guilty of manslaughter? I'm sure it would have a great effect with women serving on a murder jury.

The most recent execution in the City of Toronto has caused great concern in legal circles. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, but pleaded for leniency. This was refused. The jury was queried about their verdict had they known that their plea for leniency would be denied. They emphatically stated that they never would have found the doomed man guilty of murder had they known that their plea would be ignored.

There is always the ever-present danger of executing an innocent man. Our laws are not one hundred percent in protecting or convicting. If a mistake was made, it is doubtful that such an admission would be forthcoming. It would be admitting that justice has faltered. There is no margin for error.

Less than fifty years ago, in the city of Toronto, the hangman was not permitted to attend church. If he entered a house of worship, and was known, the priest or minister would stop preaching and refuse to continue until the hangman had left the church. Women promenading Yonge Street in those days would step off the sidewalk into the muddy street if the hangman chanced to approach on the sidewalk. He was held in the greatest of scorn.

It doesn't matter what method of execution is used. No one can prove that the electric chair is quicker than hanging, or that the gas chamber is more merciful and painless. We have never had anyone come back to tell us which is the more humane — if execution can be considered humane. I'm not going to press the usual contention that this is an enlightened age. It isn't! It's savage in many respects. The enlightenment is there but the intelligence of application is sadly lacking.

Executing a man because no reason can be seen as to why the state should keep him for the rest of his natural life places society in the position of choosing a material outlet instead of a moral and spiritual one. It is tantamount to saying: “Disregard the conscience to save money.” Is this, then, a civilized outlook?

There have been many stories regarding the butchery committed at hangings. In Montreal, the hangman misjudged the weight of a woman and tore the head from her body. Tales

Continued on Page 40

Singing the Blues

by Keith Munro

THROUGHOUT Canada yearly, many municipalities hold plebiscites to determine the people's will regarding the Blue Law. The heated debates and controversies that have ensued from these elections has caused the anti-abolitionists to regard the strength and determination of the opposition with alarm and seeming wonder. Proponents of the Blue Law, though remaining firm in their support, are now viewing the situation and growing demand for abolition with consideration that the question merits. They have made no effort to appease the abolitionists, but they now seem to recognize that there is a growing demand for Sunday sports and entertainment, and that such will eventually become a reality in the whole of Canada—and not just in isolated localities or instances.

It would be unfair to accuse the church authorities or temperance unions of attempting to dominate the Sunday life of the sports fan by supporting the Law. Their concern for the spiritual welfare of the people and the effect they would expect repeal of the Law to cause justifies the stand they take. They don't want Sunday turned into a three-ring circus. They don't want drunks roaming the streets on the Sabbath—it's bad enough six days a week! They don't want commercialism to invade the privacy of their lives on a day of the week that is held sacred. They want peace, quiet and the unobstructed serenity that Sunday offers. They want to be able to worship and teach their children in an atmosphere that contains no distractions. They want no interference or distractions while they worship.

But to every question there is more than one avenue of approach or viewpoint. Pro-abolitionists feel that the independent right to enjoy the Christian Sabbath in their own way is a natural citizenship prerogative. The extremists of this group strongly contend that the Blue Law is an encroachment of civil liberty in that it was, or is, a tenet designed to protect the Christian faith from waywardness, but it interferes with non-Christian faiths in that they are subjected to observe the Christian Sabbath while their Sabbath is ignored by the Christian element. Also, the Christian abolitionists contend that the Law is illegal by

virtue of its discrimination. Whereas most provinces have a Blue Law, there are localities where commercial life is as active on Sundays as Saturdays are in Blue Law communities.

It is quite easy to say, "If they don't like the way we live in this community, let them move!" but there are instances where people, by virtue of their professions, are forced to live in a strategically situated geographical location. Besides, this would be tantamount to moving because you do not like your next-door neighbour because he was not of the same religious faith as yourself.

The anti-abolitionists have voiced the opinion that the only people interested in Sunday sports are the people who would profit by such a venture. To my mind, this is not so! Sunday, to Christians, is a day of rest and worship. If a person enjoys recreation, then it is a form of mental relaxation, and what is more restful? There is no reason why Sunday sports should interfere with worship on our Sabbath. The hours of worship need not conflict with the hours of play. The commercial aspect would be considered by promoters who, I feel sure, would be only too happy to schedule their entertainment so as not to conflict with the regular hours of worship on the Sabbath.

There would be the contention by Blue Law supporters that to work on the Sabbath is sinful. Yet a good many people are employed in other fields of endeavour on Sunday. It is their labours that contribute to the luxuries of life that you now enjoy on Sunday. Their positions require that they work on this day so, why not professional sportsmen also? They have to make a living, don't they?

Many municipalities do not stop to consider the revenue that could be derived from Sunday sports. In many localities near the American border and the Province of Quebec, the residents make it a point to cross the boundaries in search of entertainment. This then, draws on the economy of the town or city. Money that would normally be spent at home finds its way into the treasury of other, more farsighted communities.

As a further protection to religious organizations, children under 18 could be barred

admission. This would ensure the proponents of the Blue Law that only adults—people of maturity—would patronize the sports or entertainment, thus protecting children in their religious duties. This, then, should further the cause of anti-Blue Lawists.

It is not just a question of Sunday sports. Hotels and theatres should be permitted to operate on Sundays also. Many proponents of the Blue Law would, undoubtedly, scream bloody murder at taverns or cocktail lounges operating—supported by temperance leagues—but before such permission is granted, we shall have to clean up our taverns. As an abolitionist supporter, I am one of the first to admit that Canadian taverns need overhauling. A good majority of the drinking establishments in this country cater to the drunkard and alcoholic rather than the clientele who patronize for sociability's sake, or just plain refreshment. I've seen waiters shove liquor and beer before a patron who was incapable of lifting a glass to his lips. They are out to make the ungodly buck at the expense of the weak-willed, even if it means his getting killed, or killing, with an automobile while in a drunken state.

But theatres are a different matter. They offer none of the dangers that drinking do, and in many cases are of good educational value. The rule for juveniles could be applied here also. In most communities, when Monday is a holiday, Sunday Midnite shows are now considered a nationalistic custom. Why not permit our theatres to operate on a twenty-four hour

basis so that people working shift-work can enjoy the benefits that others do.

But now I come to the subject that is dearest to my heart: The Sunday golfer. Golf is an expensive game. It is a medium of entertainment and relaxation. And is an expensive game. And it is permitted on Sundays! relaxation. And it is permitted on Sundays! Amongst the Sunday players are a goodly number of our Blue Law supporters. This, I feel, is just as much a violation of the Blue Law as any other form of commercial sport. Sure, the Club members do not have to pay for going around the course on Sunday, but their membership, which is quite expensive and beyond the reach of the common working man, covers the Sabbath. Is then, the Blue Law designed to suppress the poor and cater to the rich? I don't think so. But I feel that it serves to discriminate.

I have travelled in a large number of countries and have yet to come across one that suppressed Sunday entertainment of the commercialized type. Taverns were open, sports were supported, and theatres operated with blazing neon signs. There was no controversy over their right to exist, and there was never any abuse of that right—not even in the taverns or wineshops.

As long as Canadian communities enforce the Blue Law regulations, we shall be considered a nation immature. The inability to grant the citizens of Canada the opportunity to well-earned pleasure by independent choice is a sign of immaturity. When will we grow up?

AWAY THE OLD, ON WITH THE NEW

Old hoary-headed, bearded Time
With sickle hanging spent,
Ushers in the New Year child
To whom twelve months are lent.
Who knows what lies in weeks ahead,
What secrets should we seek?
Old Father Time gives up the chore
To new-born Child so weak.
It matters not what's gone before,
Or if the time we've wasted:
The coming year has many treats
That perhaps we've never tasted.
So to the Old One give a nod,
And send him on his way:
And from the Young One look with joy
At what he'll give each day.
LeVallee

TO AN INMATE

My darling after I saw you,
My heart felt so light, but so blue,
To think you are so far from me,
And must stay there a year or two.
Your smile was oh, so becoming,
Your voice was like music so sweet,
And the tenderness in your eyes when you spoke
Swept me completely off of my feet.
When I left you I read your letter,
It took nearly an hour to go through,
But in every line I read darling,
I could hear your voice reading too!
His wife

Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not.—Emerson

Quality Quotes

From

Penitent Pens

AGRICOLA, (State of Ohio.) Maybe we have the cart before the horse. Wouldn't it be better to build better individuals instead of trying to 'rehabilitate' them after they have broken the laws of organized society? This puts the problem squarely up to the parents. To instill the proper regard for the other person's rights, respect for law and order, and the proper concept of the morals, ethics and ideals of a modern civilization. It goes without saying that the parents of this generation aren't fulfilling their duties.

What is actually needed is a school for parents. This is not to say that all parents are bringing up their children improperly. But those whose children come to the Juvenile Courts or the school authorities, should be thoroughly investigated as to moral and ethical misconduct. Those found lacking in social compatability should be compelled to attend a school set up by an agency for that purpose. Those failing to respond to schooling should have their children taken from them and put under the custody of the proper authorities. This may seem hard, but half-way measures cannot be effective in a program of this kind.

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AGENDA, (State of Washington Penitentiary.)

Mention Prisoners and Prisons to the average person and you will invariably be told, 'I leave the business of running the prisons to people who know about that sort of thing.' On the face of it, that is a reasonable attitude. But actually it is a very unwise and at times costly one.

Prisons and prisoners are the business of everyone. As John Donne said, 'No man is an island...' No one has the right to say 'it doesn't concern me.' The problem of prisons and prisoners certainly does concern you if you are an intelligent human being.

Placing men in prison is a simple procedure. One the man on the street need not concern himself with. But there comes a time when the prisoner is going to be released. What about him? What sort of person do you want released to society? That is something that does concern

you.

Of course you could dispell all worry from your mind by insisting that our laws revert to the archaic barbarianism practiced in the middle ages; hang 'em all! One thing can be said for this method, it is efficient — to a degree. The degree of efficiency depending on the all important factor of apprehending the criminal.

Present procedure of law does not afford you, as an individual or collectively maximum protection from a criminal act. The law operates to capture and imprison the offender. Obviously this does not insure safety of your goods and chattels.

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PENSCOPE, (State of West Virginia.) PAROLE — Webster defines the word as, "Word of promise; promise of a prisoner to fulfill stated conditions, in consideration of, usually release from captivity."

Probably when old Pappy Webster wrote that definition, the job and home angle were of no concern to him, or they may have been included in those "stated conditions."

Nearly all states have that "job and home" or "job and sponsor" clause in their regulations as a **MUST** before any consideration is given to the parole applicant.

A man who has been in prison any length of time naturally craves the many things he has been deprived of while there, and when released on parole, feels that he should be allowed to have at least some of these things. He feels that he should be allowed to live as other free people live, to do the things other free people do.

But he is not free, he is still under sentence of the court and is merely being given the privilege of serving the remainder of his sentence outside those gray walls, and is now living under the rules of the parole board. Before being released, he signed papers agreeing to abide by these rules.

What would this place be like if there were no rules — a rip snorting madhouse!

What would the outside world be like if there were no rules or laws to govern the actions of people!

Surely, then, there must be rules governing the actions of the parolee. Of course they vary in the different states.

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TRANSITION, (New Westminster, B.C.) The president of the American National Red Cross says, "Prisoners are the most faithful donors of blood." During the period from July 1, 1955 to June 30, 1956, Canadian and American prisoners donated a total of 61,044 pints of blood to the Red Cross.

Wonder if any community has ever guaranteed its citizens individual compensation for loss and harm due to crime. It would seem just the thing to do. Prevention of crime is a public responsibility; why shouldn't victims of failure in that prevention be reimbursed from public funds, when recovery cannot be made from the criminal? We hope no one will suggest that such a policy is impractical because of honest citizens being likely to make false claims of having been robbed.

From The Prison Mirror.

Poetry in Prison

REMINISCING

As I sit here and glance,
Through my pictures so fine,
I think of the day,
When I said "You are mine."
My serious mood,
Was the one I portrayed,
You said you'd still love me,
Though you might be betrayed.
I reached for your hand,
That was still and so bare,
I placed a small diamond,
On your finger with care.
I said that I loved you,
And this ring would bind,
A chain round our hearts,
The "unbreakable" kind.
We'd live for each other,
And never once part,
We'd abide by the rules,
Simply no broken hearts.
And things to be done,
Would be done right together,
Cause we vowed that we'd love,
One another forever.
I've broken those vows,
Several times before,
But I promise my Darling,
"Twill happen no more.

Eldon McCorkell

SAND

The sand has run it's yearly span,
And now soiled and sullied by use of man,
Is sifted and cleansed for Time's re-use,
To face another year of waste and abuse.
'Tho Time is measured by fall of sand,
It may be steered by man's frail hand,
Alas, at shaping destiny humans are amiss,
But very few of them face up to this.
Ahead of us a New Year stands,
Waiting for us to spend the sands,
Minutes and hours, joys and terrors,
And we suppose the same old errors.
But all thru the ages man has stumbled,
Risen to the heights and finally tumbled,
Each New Year begins spic and span,
All too soon is littered with mistakes of man.

Gunner

CURIOSITY

Perhaps I am a poet,
I'll try it out and see,
The only way to prove it
Is to write some poetry.
Genius borders madness
I've heard it often said,
If I am not a wizard,
Then my brains are in the red.
At least they owe me something
They never pay their dues,
The only thing I ever get
From them are I.O.U's.
I'll put them to the acid test
To see what talent lies,
Within the dormant, gray expanse
Somewhere behind my eyes.
Alas, no subject can be found
To give sufficient scope,
I am a star without a sky,
A knot without a rope.
Perhaps if I just fence around
For one immortal line,
I'll find expression for this
Budding aptitude of mine.
Once I fell through many moons
And landed on the sun,
Two planets parachuted by —
Too bad I missed the fun.
Then, while walking through the sea
I saw a mountain top
With twenty seven kegs of beer,
And half a glass of pop.
She wouldn't open up the door
And so I drowned myself,
The sun came out, and there he was,
A giant pigmy elf.
If you don't like this little poem
You're not the only one;
But what a dismal destiny
Without a little fun.
So if you haven't had a laugh,
You'd better see a Doc,
It's not my fault you bought this book,
And you deserve the shock.
Whatever reason you may have
For reading what you've read,
Is the same excuse I have
For saying what I've said.

William Fritsley

The Rub

by Ray Smith

THE hardest thing to bear is interference with the speed essential to accomplishment. This is called friction. Friction is something to be overcome always, no matter where you are or what you are doing. It will always be so.

There are many kinds of friction: friction is with us always, like companion talking to us in words of appeal or rebuke. If we were out dining with friends, we would refrain from wiping our noses with serviettes as we would not want social friction. Hunger, worry, pain—all could be called internal friction. Shame, brute force and money we may term external friction. The loss of people's freedom, non-respect for people's rights, thoughtless action—all these are unnecessary friction.

In every walk of life we meet this friction which must be overcome. The little, unkempt, half-starved child out in the snow and sleet, searching and crying for Daddy: the mother and father eating their hearts out for daughter's shame: the schoolboy who is stupid and backward at his school work: the prison inmate who has friction for a daily diet: we must all agree that friction is something to overcome.

There is a friction that holds back civilization: any obstruction put in the path of remodelling and modernizing our penal system is that type of friction. When civilization is retarded, the standard of living is lowered.

Were I to say: "What this country needs are five hundred first class funerals" you would think I was trying to remove friction the easy way. On the contrary, the families and friends of the deceased would miss and mourn them, so we would be but starting friction of a different kind. There is so much hidden friction that the desired end is very obscure: we can clear so much, however, that the reduction is worthwhile even though the elimination is impossible. St. John names three

kinds of friction: the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.

It is the intention and purpose behind friction that makes it beneficial or detrimental. Everyone, at some time or another, applies friction every day, either in the course of his working duties or at home with his family, but as friction interferes with the speed of accomplishment, great care must be exercised in its application.

Some may think that when a judge or magistrate sends a man to prison he is applying necessary friction: how many stop to think whether the amount is just and fair? Too few, we fear, because too few care.

Our lawmakers and reform administrators have grown too used to being left alone. Citizens' groups are all too often encountering friction and their motives viewed with hostility and alarm. Questions concerning purposes and methods are dismissed in a tone implying: "You really don't know enough to understand what we are doing—in fact, you're just trying to persecute us."

I think the two main kinds of friction we encounter may be termed 'forward' and backward' friction. The result depends on which way you are going, and leads to the conclusion that if you are not moving you meet no friction. May I be permitted to point out that when things don't move they become stagnant. I don't think the movement toward a better penal system in Canada has been great enough to create any friction—unless it is the backward type.

Belief or unbelief is the result of a perfectly straightforward, healthy and honest attempt to look facts in the face. You may run into a great deal of friction trying to get this look, so just remember that friction is something to be overcome always, no matter when you meet it, or where, or what you are doing. It will always be so.

I have learned that often mistakes can be set right, that calamities have sometimes a compensating joy, that an ambition realized is not always pleasurable, that a disappointment is often of itself a rich incentive to try again. —A.C. Benson

Editorial Musings

William Huddlestone

THE other day I happened to pick up a copy of The Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, October 1956 issue. I was not only surprised but very pleased to read an article titled 'Would you hire an Ex-convict?' This article was written by Mr. R.E. Crawford and should be a great help to men leaving this and other institution seeking employment.

Mr. Crawford gave briefs on the different vocational classes here, and these were set off with some very fine pictures.

The writer pointed out that of some 2093 men who have been enrolled in vocational training courses since 1947, 614 dropped out before the courses ended; however, 1047 have been released and of these, 288 returned to jail. This means 759 men who no doubt were destined to spend many years in prison, due to lack of a trade, are now good, useful citizens.

I think this speaks well for our vocational school and proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that many men who are in prison are there because they are unable to get jobs on the outside and, if given the chance to learn a trade, will stay out of jail.

There were other figures in Mr. Crawford's article that were much more important, at least in my opinion.

Of men released on ticket-of-leave, only 16.2% returned, as against 37% of those who were forced to complete their sentences. There is a terrific difference here and I feel it is because most men leaving here need supervision and unless they receive this supervision, they are a sure bet to return. The proof of this lies in the figures reported: when a man is released on ticket-of-leave he is given this supervision for the remainder of the time he has left to serve and the result is quite evident — more men stay out. The less fortunate men who must do all their time spare nothing in their search for the fast dollar and, as is reflected in the published figures, soon return. It is my contention that if all men were given a little supervision, there would be a lot more men retained as useful citizens and much more room in our prisons today.

Mr. Crawford further stated the man re-

turns to society with \$20.00 in his pocket. This, I feel, should be qualified — some men return with much more than \$20.00 but there are many who have to face the world with less. This, I know, is a deplorable situation and has been the topic of many conversations and I think every penal press in the country has complained at one time or another. The answer, unfortunately, has always been the same — no more money.

I think, however, in view of everything, good and bad, there have been many improvements in the past few years. With the type of help men in prison will receive because of articles such as this one written by Mr. Crawford and published in a magazine of the calibre of The Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, things will continue to improve. Special thanks to Mr. Crawford and his very wonderful magazine.

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I noticed on the back of a letter the other night a stamp that has stuck in my mind, and I think it deserves mentioning. This stamp is from Boys Town. The background of this stamp is a very large and beautiful church, and in the foreground is pictured a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age, carrying on his back a much younger boy. This alone is not very much, but the words at the bottom of this stamp are what impressed me. The older boy is saying: "He's not heavy, Father, he's m'brother."

** ** *

There are few things that gladden the hearts of inmates in a penitentiary as does news of an ex-inmate's successful re-entry into society. We are speaking of one particular ex-inmate in this particular instance. John McDonald by name. Prominently displayed in the social column of a well-known newspaper this past week was a picture of this well-liked man and his charming bride. The lady in question proved her love and loyalty to John throughout the long, trying months of his incarceration by corresponding with him regularly and by so doing, unquestionably made his lot easier to bear. We extend to Mr. and Mrs. John McDonald the heartfelt good wishes of every man in this institution for a long, happy and prosperous married life, and may you both have all God's blessings.



Radio Ramblings



Rick
Windsor

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ON May 30th, 1909, in the city of Chicago, there was born an infant by the name of Benjamin Goodman. The 8th child of eleven, born to immigrant parents, his father was a violinist and his mother played a little piano. All the family, when they were old enough, were given lessons on the various instruments, including violin and accordin.

When Benny was but ten years of age he was taking lessons on the violin. Not pleased with his progress on this instrument (of his fathers choice) he decided to tackle another instrument. Little did he know he would become one of the greatest musicians in the world when he sent for a clarinet he had seen in a mail order catalogue. Along with the clarinet he had purchased he received a total of ten lessons free and with these he sat down and went to work. Benny Goodman labored with his clarinet for a total of four years before he made his first move with a local band. He worked hard for six long years before he got his first big break. In the year 1927, he was introduced to a leading name in the band department in the person of Ben Pollack. This was the beginning of Benny Goodman. While playing for this gentleman, Goodman soon established himself as one of the greatest clarinet players of all times. He was the main attraction of the entire orchestra. Everywhere in the United States, people gathered to see him perform. Goodman enjoyed a successful tour with the Pollack band, he soon branched out with other name bands in an effort to find one where he felt at home. After many attempts to find contentment he finally decided to form a group of his own. This took place in New York City, a place where he had been a big success on his tour with other personalities in the music business. With this new gang of his own, Goodman made one night stands

throughout the city of New York and was a great success. It was on these tours where he picked up the name of "King of Swing". During one of his shows on the nightclub circuit he drew the attention of an advertising agency who asked him if he would like to have his own radio show. It didn't take Godman long to come to a contract agreement and before the month had ended he was on a network with a programme titled "Let's Dance". What happened after this is history. Mr. Goodman left his name on the lips of all who heard him play his clarinet. He rose to the highest rank possible for a musician. People marvelled at the sounds this man could produce with his instrument. His music is easy to listen to and thanks to the material of bakelite and resin we will have his records with us forever. A great musician and a talented artist. A salute then, to the star of the month, Mr. Benny Goodman.

A sad blow was dealt to the music world when just last week, Nov. 10th, a man by the name of Victor Young died suddenly. A great composer in the music industry, he published such songs as Sweet Sue, Ghost of a Chance and Street of Dreams. He also made the musical background for several motion pictures and one of his successful efforts was the music in "Samson and Delilah". True this man is gone but you can bet he will never be forgotten. Living memories are the things he left behind. The loss of this great artist will be felt in the hearts of many countless thousands across the continent.

A regular programme here at the Bay is CKLC's High Time. The best of music is played, even though we are not Elvis Pressley fans, and it brings many fine numbers for us shut ins to listen to. This coupled with the local hockey games gives us many hours of

fine entertainment. Don't know what we would do without our morning dedication.

Still tops in the Bay is the disc jockey programme from New York. This show features the versatile disc jockey and actor, Wm. B. Williams. Guillermo Be Guillemos. Nothing but the best in music is played by this man. For two solid hours we get the likes of Nat Cole, Peggy Lee, Al Hibbler and many others. Keep it flowing Wm. and we will be with you whenever the airwaves are clear enough to allow us to pick up your station. "I'm comin' in to get ya' Jesse".

Another steady at the prison is the programme from CJBC in Toronto. Jazz Unlimited brings another pair of hours of easy listening. Dick McDougal at the mike has a smooth way in handling the selections and all his listeners are aware how well he knows the jazz he plays. The only beef we have is that we never hear Miss Dinah Washington enough. Any time will do for her Mr. McDougal. We will be listening for awhile yet.

The record programme we hear every Friday night has not been heard for the past several weeks and we are beginning to wonder if it is discontinued or if there is a reason it is not coming over the channel. Every Friday night the men look forward to having their requests played and when they don't hear them it makes the evening seem twice as long as it really is. We sincerely hope it will be back in action after the new year.

The following is a list of the shows we will be seeing in the winter months. There are a few open dates and as the season goes along we will let you know the titles of the missing shows.

Oct. 28 McConnell Story
Allan Ladd — June Allyson
Nov. 4 Rebel Without a Cause
James Dean — Natalie Wood
Nov. 11 Living It Up
Martin — Lewis — Sheree North
Nov. 18 Glenn Miller Story
James Stewart — June Allyson
Nov. 25 Stalag 17
William Holden — Otto Preminger
Dec. 2 Land of the Pharaohs
Jack Hawkins — Dewey Martin

Dec. 16 Second Greatest Sex
Jeanne Crain — George Nader
Dec. 23 Meet Me at Las Vegas
Dan Dailey — Cy Charisse
Dec. 24 Thieves Highway
Richard Conte
Dec. 25 Interrupted Melody
Glen Ford — Eleanor Parker
Dec. 30 Love Me Or Leave Me
James Cagney — Doris Day
Dec. 31 Phffft
Jack Lemmon — Kim Novac
Jan. 1 Battle Cry
Van Heflin — Tab Hunter — Aldo Ray
Jan. 6 Country Girl
Bing Crosby — Grace Kelly
Jan. 13 Man From Laramie
James Stewart
Jan. 20 Three Coins in the Fountain
Clifton Webb — Jean Peters
Tyrone Power — Maureen O'Hara
Jan. 27 Long Grey Line
Feb. 3 Court Marshall of Billy Mitchell
Gary Cooper
Feb. 10 Left Hand Of God
Humphrey Bogart — Gene Tierney
Feb. 17 The Informer
Victor McLaughlin — Preston Foster
Mar. 3 The Sea Chase
John Wayne — Lana Turner
Mar. 10 Beneath the 12 Mile Reef
Robert Wagner — Terry Moore
Mar. 17 My Sister Eileen
Janet Leigh — Jack Lemmon
Mar. 24 King of the Khyber Rifles
Tyrone Power — Terry Moore
Mar. 31 The Square Jungle
Ernest Borgnine — Tony Curtis
Apr. 7 Mister Roberts
James Cagney — Henry Fonda
Apr. 14 How To Marry A Millionaire
Marilyn Monroe — Betty Grable
Apr. 19 Open Date
Apr. 21 Garden of Evil
Gary Cooper — Susan Hayward
Apr. 22 Night People
Gregory Peck — Broderick Crawford

When we recognize that prisoners are members of society and need an opportunity to improve themselves, then we should build our prison plants, establish our prison community climates, and develop our programs for that purpose.

From The Recount.

Kampus Kweeries

by "The Marshall"



Dear Kweeries:

I was framed! I have always enjoyed driving at night and had my cat out for a ride when suddenly three motorcycle coppers made me pull into the side of the road. They dragged me out of the car and started to frisk the interior. They asked me what I was doing out in the country late at night with a cat in the car and I told them I was giving it some air. It so happened, however, that they found three guns in the back seat. I told them somebody must have 'planted' them on me. They didn't believe me, and the judge gave me four years. Can you think of any better excuse I could have given for the guns in my car that would have got me less time?

Buffalo Billious

Dear Nauseated:

You'd have been acquitted if you'd said that your gat had gittens! How're you feline now?

Pussy Foot

Dear Kampers:

Is there any chance of me getting a trasfer to the new prison at Joyceville? I am doing eighteen years and I am an interior decorator by profession. I think I could do a lot for that place, so to whom should I address an inquiry in the first instance? Do you think my time is too long to be considered for a transfer? Oh yes, I also have a bad record for bootlegging.

John Carleycorn

Dear Punchy:

There seems to be a suggestion — or should I say — a breath of a suggestion that your 'interior decoration' and 'bootlegging' are one and the same thing: is this so? I can understand your reluctance to being accused of bootlegging — very uncouth, wot? — when you can make it sound high-brow by calling it interior decorating. If you are actually an interior decorator your service will be very welcome at Joyceville, hanging drapes, painting, embroidering blankets and sheets, etc.,

but if it is the type of interior decoration I think it is, you will probably just end up 'three sheets in the wind.' I must consider your problem further while I brew — oh luscious thought — a pot of tea. I shall advice you further when I have sniffed around a bit more.

I. Lika Swigg

Pin Pip Old Twit:

I've been here a scant three months from London, England, and those beastly bounders in blue twiggd me for shoplifting! I say, old boy, cawn't one do anything in this narrow-minded country of yours? I was standing at a post-office wicket and there were all kinds of travel folders lying around, and there was a sign reading "Take One." It was purely by accident that I happened to clutch a handful of money orders and those silly Bobbies hauled me off to the bucket. The magistrate — I believe it was a Mr. Asa Cadi — was deaf and didn't hear half the case. When he asked me if I had anything to say, I said I would pay a fine but he thought I said "get off that line." He gave me a deuce and one extra for insolence. To whom should I appeal and demand a hearing?

Duka Palooka

Dear Pal:

Frightfully unnerving, old bean, and why take a chance on a second 'hearing' when the 'lack of hearing' landed you here? Or do I mean herring? It all sounds fishy to me and I am having a whale of a time swallowing it hook, line and sinker. Seriously, though, I happened to have played golf with Mr. Cadi and know him well, and he is a very upright character in a slumping sort of way and pays very close attention to the cases tried before him. It is indeed fortunate that you did not appear before Judge Zinkem because he never learned to count under ten. Bear up, old boy, and when you get out the present unsettled crisis in the Middle East will be a thing of the past and you can tell all your friends over 'ome that you were a hero in Egypt. You, too,

might as well get into the act.

Soldier of Fortune

Dear Kweeries:

Can you tell me if it was really Santa Claus who left me my new false teeth? When I woke up on Christmas morning there was an extra set of uppers on my desk, lying beside my old ones. They are very large and make me look as if I am smiling all the time. As a result, I have been receiving a lot of attention and compliments from the boys and some of them are always asking me to take them out and show them. I would like to write Santa and thank him. Please let me know.

Dear Toothie:

Hardly think Santa left you the extra teeth and they were probably slipped in to you as you slept. If they are what is known as 'joint' teeth you should be very grateful that they fit and cost you nothing. Watch them closely and don't let any of the fellows catch you with them out or you may lose them someplace.

D. N. Tist

Dear Mr. K. Kweer:

They sent me to the hospital last week to take a hot tub bath. When I had stripped and was ready to step in, there was a horse in the water! I finally succeeded in wrestling with him and getting him out but it was a very tiring, long process. What should I do if it happens the next time?

Barney Google

Dear Barney:

Very simple indeed—just pull the plug out! Haw Haw.

Old Man-O-War

Dear Kweeries:

Christmas came and Christmas went —
For being here I do repent:
But tell me, please, is there a wicket
Where I may go and get a ticket?

Percy Bysshe Shellac

Dear Painter:

*What is so gay as a stay at The Bay,
And a holiday free from all worry?
Forget that old ticket, and just look ahead
To next year—and the next—there's no hurry.*

Auld Lang Sinus

Dear Aunt Charlotte:

My boy friend and I have been going steady for five years and we are deeply, devotedly, distractedly in love. He has proposed at least ten times and I have been on the point of accepting, but there are one or two things that hold me back. First, he is four years older than I am while it doesn't make any difference while we are still so young, will that be too much difference when we are old? Second, he is a chicken-flicker at Cousin Clara's Cluck, Catch and Cook Chicken Chalet and makes fifteen dollars a week and all the chicken livers he can eat: I only earn six a week making toy spectacles for the eyes in potatoes for mental patients and I am afraid my friends will think I am marrying him for his money. Please, please dear Aunt Charlotte, tell me if you think this is only puppy love, and what I should do.

Hot-Breath Hoolihan

P.S. I am only eighty-four but Dream-Boat is eighty-eight.

Dear Sizzling:

I am afraid that your letter reached us in error and should have been addressed to the 'Advice To The Lovelorn' column in some newspaper. However, your plight is so touching that I am going to offer you what advice I can. I am very pleased that you added your age in the P.S. because I can picture you as the doll you are. No, I do not think it is puppy love at your age and don't worry about the difference in age — not for one little minute. I know you think your youth (heaven help me for lying) will last forever but when you and Dream-Boat are even middle-aged — say ninety-nine and a hundred and three — he will love you then as he loves you now. You know what it says in The Book — "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" — yes siree — his dust in fifteen years will be just as passionate as he is today in all the glory of his young, surging, pulsing, masculine virility! Go ahead — defy convention — take the man of your choice and live it up to the full while you may. At your age, Hot-Breath, every split-second counts. Don't worry about marrying him for his money — I'll bet Ruby Nosa would like to count on a steady fifteen a week, and what has Jaw-Jaw got that you haven't? Ask your Dream-Boat that question and if he answers you truthfully, clobber him!

Infantile Forty

Blessed are they who go around in circles for they shall be called wheels.

Speaking of Sports

By Rick Windsor

In the last issue the commissioners and the three referees voted for the men they thought were the most valuable to the prison league teams. In my unofficial estimation they left out one of the most important players in the Bay as well as a man who has shown great sport whenever he takes his turn on the field. Don McCarty is the one I speak of in forgotten page. Don is just a little man and even though he is out weighed by almost every other player he comes in contact with he never gives ground and back away. Instead he tries just that much harder and as a result he is going to make a strong bid for the most valuable player award come the end of the soccer season. Keep up the good work Donnie and you will get the recognition that is due to you.

Nov. 3rd First Game. Rangers vs Blackpool

This was a fine game from start to finish. It was the cleanest game we have witnessed all season and there was not a single penalty in the entire game. The final score was Blackpool four and the Rangers two. The scorers for Blackpool were Lowery from Bell, Bell unassisted, Lowery unassisted and Laramee unassisted. The marksmen for the Rangers were Scott from Hiesel and Chappelle unassisted. The referees for the game were Fox and Corrie. The linesmen were Cregoire and Delarosabel. The My star for this one goes to Blackie Laramee for his fine effort and hustle for the entire game. This lad puts the necessary spirit in a club that is so essential for a team to have if they are going to be a winning team.

Second Game. Arsenal vs United

This was a game that featured fine plays on the part of the Arsenal team. Although the final score of the game was five to nothing for Arsenal the United team fought hard. They have been plagued by injuries and they seem to lack the scoring punch that is necessary for a team. On the other hand the Arsenal team has one of the finest teams ever assembled in the Bay. The scorers for the game were Tessier from Dorigo, McLean from Dorigo, Tessier from McLean, Schnied from McLean and Windsor unassisted. Penalties were many in this game with a total number of eight being handed out. Beanland twice, Windsor, Byers and Tessier went to the sin bin for the Arsenal squad and for United it was Hallett, Rodgers and Harding. The Arsenal team in winning this game lost the leagues leading scorer in the person of Archie Dorigo. Archie twisted his ankle when he fed a pass to Tessier in front of the net. It is up like a balloon as this being written and it looks like Arch will have to sit on the sidelines for at least a pair of games. The star of this game has to go to Don McLean who picked up three points to vault into the number two slot in the top scorers. Don is in charge of the line and keeps them hustling at all times. Along with his fine play goes the honor of being one of the cleaners players in the league. He has yet to draw a penalty this season. The referees in this game were Corrie and Isenberg and the linesmen were Sullivan and DeForest. Can't let the fine play of Red Hallett go unnoticed any longer. This man has certainly come a long way in the game of soccer. Red has never played the game before and is enjoying a fine Rookie year. Always in there digging Red has found a little finesse and he is bound to get a lot of consideration when the time comes to pick the Rookie of the year. Stay with it Red.

Nov. 4th. Rangers vs Blackpool

This was a thriller for the entire sixty minutes. A finer game we will never see. Both teams gave their all and it was certainly no shame to lose this one. The final score of the game was two to one for the Rangers. The goal getters for the Rangers were Chappelle and Turner both unassisted. For Blackpool it was Lowery from Belaire. The star of the game goes to Wee Willie Huddlestone for his sparkling play while he was on the field. Bill has been bothered by a bad knee for the past few months and had he no worry about it falling out of place he would be on the field for the whole game. Nice work Bill and hang on in there. Don't worry about your thirty years betraying you. The referees for the game were Fox and Isenberg and the linesmen were DeForest and Gregoire. The penalties in this one went to Chappelle and Huddlestone, Scott and Best for the Rangers and Lowery, Fero and Robertson of Blackpool.

The season has saw nine games go by and the Arsenal team are out in front by four points. Next come the Rangers followed by the Blackpool squad. In the cellar at the present time is Garry Harding and his United team. The teams are very well balanced despite the difference in the top team and the cellar dwellers. Robert Willsie and Brownie have done a fine job with the league and they are keeping everyone up to date by giving yours truly the data on all the games. Were it not for Bob and Brownie this sports page would be much worse then it is and I would be out of a job. For the men involved in the soccer I must say that everyone tries his best in the games. No one is a standout and I hate to have to single out stars for the game. Thats it for this weekend see you all next Saturday with more results. Stay tuned for the results of the grey cup game and I think the Solid line of the Eskimos will once again be victorious over the Montreal Allouettes. Lost a big gun in the last outing against Toronto, in the person of Pat Abbruzzi. The rifle is a little sore with a bad knee too. Oh well.

Nov. 10th, first game

Saturday afternoon in the initial game saw the United team come from a three nothing deficit to a four to three victory. This was one of the finest games of the season and a costly one to the United team. Gary Harding took a long time to get the club clicking and he had no sooner come up with a winning combination when he lost two of his better players. Joe Houska was seriously injured when he hit the ground after booting home the winning marker. Joe hit his head on the ground and it split wide open. Joe is a fine player and was just starting to click on the forward line. A big gun and we hope he is not out to long. Also getting banged up in the game was Don Antone. Don was out for a couple of games and he had just gotten back into the line up when he suffered another twisted ankle. We hope too that Donnie is back in the front lines real soon. The United team put on a power rush in the last thirty minutes of play and ran the Rangers into the ground. They out played the second place team in every department and came up with a great victory. Scoring for the Rangers were Chappelle with two unassisted goals and Best with the other marker. For the United team it was Antone all by himself on a neat breakaway, Harding unassisted, Harding from Rodgers and Joe Houska unassisted. The Rangers drew three penalties and they went to Huddleston, Menard and Turner drew a misconduct penalty and was sent to the sin bin for six minutes. For the United team it was Red Hallett who sat out to take a rest for elbowing. The star of the game has to go to Al Rodgers who played a fine game for the winners. It was a hard choice to pick between Rodgers and Houska but I pick him for his fine effort throughout the entire game. He kept the ball in the enemy zone every time he had the chance and assisted on the tying goal of the game. The referees for the game were Corrie and Take Two Fox. The linesmen were DeForest and Gregoire.

The second game of the day saw the first place Arsenal squeeze out a two to one victory over the Blackpool team. I might add at this time on how the Blackpool team outplayed the leaders in every way shape and form except in the scoring department. The winning goal came with just one minute left to play. Donnie McLean scooted in behind defenseman Lundrigan and when the goalie couldn't hang on to the ball Don booted home the winner. There was time for one more face off before the final whistle ended the game. The Arsenal sure miss the services of Archie Dorigo and the team hopes he will be back in shape for the next few games. The Blackpool squad has shown a lot of hustle and they have a fine passing team. The defense of the Arsenal was just a little too much for this club and as a result they were refused a couple of goals. Simpson in the net was great and made a fine stop on three different occasions. The teams on both ends of the field played a fine game and it is hard for me to pick a star for the game but I did single out one man for the reward in the person of Don McLean. This great little man played a fine two way game. When the defense of the Arsenal weakened Don was there to give them a hand. He also scored both goals and kept the line hustling for the whole game. He was injured on the last goal of the game and we hope he won't be out for too long if at all. I don't think Don would let an injury keep him away from his game. He is on a scoring spree and is only one short of the leader. Talking to him after the game Don is interested in winning the title as he did last year. Scoring for the Arsenal team was Donnie McLean from Kyle and Don again from Windsor. The penalties in the game went to Windsor, Tessier and McLean for the Arsenal and for Blackpool it was Moe Fero who took two for tripping. The referees in the game were Corrie and Isenberg and the linesmen for this meeting were Fox and Sullivan. Must take time out in this part to say that a fine job is being done by all the officials and the commissioners. They put their best foot forward in an effort to see we are playing the game the way it should be played. The two men in charge of the activities this year are doing a bang up job. They have tried to balance the teams the way they ought to be and even though there is an eight point spread between the first and second place team it is not because one team is that much stronger. It is because they win a break when it counts and that is the most important part of the game. If a team can take a break and make it count then I say good luck to the ones that can do it. The game on Sunday morning was called due to the time.

Sat. Nov. 17th

The afternoon was a thrilling one in both the games. The first contest Featured the United team and the Blackpool Battlers. This was a real thriller from start to finish and the game was won in the final few minutes of play. The United team managed a 2-1 victory thanks to the fine playing of Kolba. This fellow has had a rough time getting started and is just starting to come into the potential he has shown since the start of the season. The marksmen for the game were Harding from Rodgers and Antone from Harding for United and Lowery from Laramee for Blackpool. It was a hard fought game from the opening whistle and most of the men played fine ball. Rodgers, Antone, Harding and Marshall were standouts for the United team and starring for Blackpool were Laramee, Lowery, Major and McCarty. The star of the game goes to Kolba for his fine efforts throughout the entire game. Kolba, in the halfback slot kept the opposing enemy from getting to close to the United goal and as a result of his fine defensive work the team was awarded a victory. The referees for the game were Corrie and Isenberg and the linesmen were Sullivan and DeForest. The penalties went to Harding for roughing and to Fero, Lowery and Laramee for elbowing.

The second game of the day saw the first place Arsenal team come out on the winning end of a two to one score. Although the Rangers had control of the first half and most of the second the Arsenal team applied the pressure for the last ten minutes of the game and as a result of their efforts came up with the winning goal with but a minute remaining in the game. Once again the teams on both sides of the field were working real hard and it was a tough one to lose. The goal getters for Arsenal were McLean all by his lonesome and Kyle from McLean. As this is being written the defending champion of last years scorers is now back in the lead in the person of Don McLean. For

Rangers it was Chip Chappelle who scored on a penalty shot in the first half. They had two penalty shots and thanks to the fast reflexes of Miles Simpson the Arsenal goal tender he kept the first shot from going into the nets. He has played a fine game in every appearance on the field and has held the Arsenal together when they showed signs of weakening. The penalties in the game went to Windsor of the Arsenal team for charging and for the Rangers it was Turner, Hickman and Best for roughing and holding. The star of the game goes to Pinch for his fine game from the start to finish. This young man never had the chance to get a starting role in the league until one of the regulars was sidelined due to an injury and he has shown great finesse since his start. He digs in every time the enemy comes soaring in on the defense and he is always in there mixing no matter how big the enemy may be. Good luck Pinch and keep up the good work. The referees for the game were Corrie and Isenberg. The linesmen were DeForest and Sullivan.

Nov. 18th.

Sunday morning saw the Arsenal team cinch the first place spot when they defeated Gar Harding and his United team by 3-1 count. It was a hard fought contest from start to finish and both teams really fought. For the last place club the United squad gave the first place club all they could handle and even took the lead in the game only to have the Arsenal come on real hard in the second half. The Arsenal seem to fight a little harder when they have to come from behind. The guns in the scoring department were McLean from Dorigo, McLean on a penalty kick and Gerry Tessier from McLean. For United it was Ron Marshall from Harding. Every one on the team played fine soccer and it was hard to single out a star of the game but I had to pick the little Don McLean for his fine work for the entire game. Donnie is one of the few men in the prison who plays the full game without taking a break and where he gets the heart and the hustle has stumped a lot of the men in the Bay. The man has it and we all know it. Good luck Don and this writer hopes you can come up the winner in the scoring department that you have held since your first step into the portals of Collins Bay. The penalty box had no action for this game and it is just the second game of the year that a game has went from start to finish without someone having to go to the sin bin. The referees for the game were Corrie and Fox and the linesmen were DeForest and Belbin.

The following is a list of the games played and the standings up to date. The games are all even at eleven each and there is but four games left in the regular schedule. The league is playing just fifteen games this year due to the fact that the soccer field is on the ball diamond of the minor league and the field would be a mess for ball come the spring.

The Teams and their standing:

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	For	Against	Total pts.
Arsenals	11	10	1	0	30	12	20
Rangers	11	5	6	0	24	22	10
Blackpool	11	4	7	0	19	22	8
United	11	3	8	0	15	32	6

"For" signifies goals the team has scored up to date and "against" signifies the goals that have been scored against them in the games up to date.

The top scorers in the league are as follows:

Team	Name	Goals	Assists	Total Pts.
Arsenals	Dorigo	5	9	14
United	Harding	5	5	10
Rangers	Hiesel	5	4	9
United	Rodgers	3	3	6
Rangers	Turner	2	3	5

Thats all for this weekend but we will be back in the near future to bring you up to date in all the activities for the coming months. There would appear to be a handball tournament in the making and we hope to have a few more tournaments such as bridge, euchre and chess. See you in the bridge tourney, Willie. It is now official that the former commissioners Robert Willsie and Brown have handed in their resignation as the schedule was nearing the end. There is a lot of controversy as to why and we hope to have the full story in the next issue. For the time being a member of our committee and one of the referees are looking after the procedures of all the soccer activities. Must put in a good word for the gentlemen who saw reason to withdraw from their original posts and say they have done a fine job. Sorry you two had to leave so late in the schedule. See you next week.

On Sunday November 5th, the Arsenal and Blackpool played to a four all tie. The teams were up against the wind in this game and all the goals were scored on one end of the playing field. The Arsenal scored four in the first half of the game and in the second half when they changed ends the Blackpool team lost no time in tying up the game. The Arsenal were very fortunate to hold the Blackpool squad to just the tying goals as they really turned on the pressure in the final twenty minutes. Scoring for the Arsenal team was Dorigo on a penalty shot, McLean via the same route, McLean from Simpson and McLean from Dorigo. For Blackpool it was Laramée unassisted, Major from Ferro, Lowery on a penalty shot and Laramée from Bell. There was but one penalty in the game and this went to Lowery for charging in the first half of the game. The linesmen in the game were Belbin and Delarosabel and the referees for this encounter was Corrie and "Take Two." It is hard to

pick a star for this game as the men on both sides played fine ball. The one man that shone for Blackpool was the one and only Blackie Laramée. This man really hustled for the entire game and scored the initial goal that sparked his club and also blasted in the tying goal. He has been a work-horse in every game he has played and he is certainly making a strong bid as one of the most valuable players to his team. Nice work Blackie and we will see you in the playoffs.

As this is being written the men in the sports department are electing a new commissioner for the remainder of the season. We were just notified that "Take Two John Fox" has been assigned the job. John is one of the best officials to come along in a long time. He is fair in his decisions and we all know he will do a fine job at the reins. Take it easy John and lots of luck in the new job. As soon as he was elected to the job, John and his staff that consist of Al Corrie and Jake Isenberg, sat down to pick the most valuable player for the month and as result of their efforts they came up with the following men. In the number one slot was the versatile Don McLean. He was picked for many reasons and the thing that make this little guy stand out above all the rest is the way he digs every time he is in possession of the ball. When he gets control of it you know it is either in the net for a goal or else the goalie has to make a nice save to stop his bullet like shots. Don scored thirteen times in the month of November and this accomplishment earned him the most valuable player award for the month. Nice work Don and we will see you in the playoffs. In the runner up position was Joe Lowery. This guy has worked hard all year and its about time he got a little recognition. Always in their fighting he is a great help to the Blackpool team. He usually plays the entire sixty minutes and as a result of his fine work and hustle he is certainly going to make a strong bid for the most valuable player award for the year. The way to work Joe and keep digging. The third and final man to be picked for the month of November was a player by the name of Kolba. As you have read in the sports pages before I have given this man the star of the game award on two different occasions. Being picked in the third slot for the month only proves further how important he is to his team. In the last three weeks the team (United) he plays for has vaulted from the cellar to a tie for second place in the standings. Kolba has helped them in the defense department and also on the forward line when he has to get the ball up to the opposing end. He has the footwork to pass anyone in the prison while in possession of the ball and as a result of his hard work has earned the third slot in the most valuable award department. Nice work Kolba.

Well the big fight is over and all the money men in the prison are not in a good frame of mind. The machine they backed for the fight left the squared circle at the end of the fifth round by way of a stretcher. Ancient Archie, the grand old man of time, who is thirty nine going on forty four, could not cope with the kid from Brooklyn. On my unofficial scorecard the old man never won a round and it was just a matter of time before the kid caught up to him with a couple of good combinations. Not only did the kid put away this ageless ol' gentleman but he did it with the punch that Archie criticized from the time they signed their contract in front of Norris. The "Gazelle Punch". The one that everyone laughed at was the one the kid smashed him to the floor with for nine count and finished him a few seconds later. Would sure like to see the kid fight Marciano next year. By doing this we will know if he is just a flash in the pan or a really great champion. Got to get even on the Robinson Fullmer fight which has been postponed till Jan. 2nd. Come on you old Cyclone Gene Fullmer.

Sat. Dec. 1st

The United team won from the Blackpool gang by a score of 4-3. A rough game from start to finish that swept the spectators off their feet and saw Gary Harding and his team whip the favorites. Scoring for United were Antone from McGregor, Marshall from McGregor, Kolba on a penalty shot and Rogers from Antone. For the Blackpool gang it was the reliable Robert Major from Belaire, McCarty on a penalty shot and Major from Joe Lowery. This was a rough game from the start till the final whistle sounded and there was total of seven penalties. Sent to the sin bin for United was Sullivan, Antone and Harding the mgr. For Blackpool, Lowery, Lundy and Major twice for tripping and charging. It was very hard to pick a star for this game as all men played hard and they deserve credit for their efforts. The one I thought played a fine game for the losers, Major. This guy is a great digger in every game and in this one he scored a pair of goals and was going all out for the full sixty minutes. Nice work Robert and let us hear from you again next week.

The second game of the day featured the Arsenals and the Rangers. This contest was one of the most exciting games of the year as the teams battled to a one all tie. There were many bullet like drives on both goal tenders and they rose to the occasion whenever they were called on to make a spectacular save. McLean scored from Tessier for Arsenals and for the Rangers it was Campbell from Hiesel. There was no penalties in the game and when two teams play a total of sixty minutes without putting someone in the sin bin you can just about imagine what kind of game it really was. The referees for the game were Corrie and Fox and the linesmen were Belbin and Delarosabel. The star of the game goes to Campbell who played a fine game even though the two teams fought to a draw. He had many shots on the net and he did get the tying goal after the Arsenals had went ahead one to nothing.

Sun. morning, Dec. 2nd

This game was a victory for the United team that saw Maggie McGregor score the pair of goals his team got. It was a 2-1 win over the Rangers and a real hard fought contest from start to finish.

Continued on page 28

REELIN' & DEALIN'

WITH BILL & RICK

The 'Bomb' tryin' to make like a sneaky teenager wearing a brush cut yet! Who said thirty-seven???? Robert W. very red around the gills on the weekends. The sun Robert???? Jim 'the beat' molding the uppers with a fair size wad of gum and roarin' one up — Joe H. tellin' all he meets he is going to "pock een the soccer" — Going home Joe? 'Take Two' doing a fine job on the soccer field with his buddy Al "Take Two Jr." following suit — Haw-Haw making with the water and mud last night — new hobby John???? Wee Willie fell to the ground on the soccer field last week, on his thirty-fourth birthday yet! — The teenager got his grst goal last week — Notice to P.K.: any more shady doubles and you will be spread all over this scandal sheet. — Billy H. still chucklin' — what a time-shaker. Nice to see your peachy smile Bill — What's with no hair and the call of the crow every morning???? Any scandal Vince???? The long one out in the Quarry — gettin' into shape, says the Podge — Garry the Barber and his new theme song 'I'm Gonna Buy A Paper Doll!!!! Jack at the Quarry doing fine — nice guy all the way — Bill C. and Mac get special mention for the fine way they show the rest of the prison how easy it is to hold one's manners and personality under such trying circumstances — nice goin' you two! — Who is The Rabbit? The next issue will bring this character to light — Hello to Pug and his 722 Ball Club. Gus finally won a crown. Still think you would have trouble gettin' by The Sinners. Hi, Grey One — Memo to Barber Shop — "How to make friends and hold them" is now in the Library—Freddie and Tex doing a fine job in the Laundry. Heads up, Phil: The Ed can't win Game One at the ping-pong tables—misses your valuable advice — 'The Murph' still holds the Number One spot in the heart of the prematurely grey one — what a doll! — Willie walkin' around in circles mutterin' somethin' about 'The Swamp'—Real bad, eh Wee one? —Mac moanin' about the VI — if we remember right, Mac, you used to sneak in the back door — Who is the one who thinks he is back on the street again? Diggin' into the garbage pails yet!!!! Better straighten up, Laddie — The orchestra is preparin' for the winter months and we have been promised a solo by Mickey on a tune titled 'It's The

Gypsy In My Soul'—Ron couldn't beat the Thin One so had to take him in as the third one — A pat on the back goes to Sammy S. who is in the Tailor Shop. He will be readin' this one from the street. A nicer guy you will never meet. Good luck out there, Sam — The 'Jockey' is havin' his rough times on the soccer field — Ted M. is certainly missed since he came up with his recent leg injury — Lloyd M. has finally given up makin' like crazy legs on the field — We lads of The Diamond certainly adore our chubby new editor and we know he will make a real job while in command — What's with The Committee???? No T.V. yet! At least we get to see the Grey Cup Game — 'Rebel Without A Cause' made a real hit with yours trulies — we teenagers must stick together — Bill P. will scan this one from the outside. Good luck out there, lad, and keep nose clean — The 'Wittle Debil' is leavin' our midst and his smilin' face will certainly be missed around the place. All the best out there Woodie — The top ten on the list of the VI is headed by Don — Lawrence in complete charge of One Block—Little 'Moe' makin' like Eli at the bridge table. This little character is a dead image of the Elvis Presley type and he sure makes like a 'teen-age bop a roonie' — Want a piece of cake John? Yah — Little Ed goin' about his business. A little guy but for sure a great one. He is not doin' bad Dad!!!! Ye Olde Sull moanin' about the alphabet these past few days. A demotion yet. Hang in over there buddy — Goodie should run for the job of President — G.P. and Wm. are laying the Sa Fabam on every one they meet — What ex-Senator cannot keep his eyes open durin' the hours of labour? Stan the barber should learn he goes to church to be preached to and not to preach. Take notice, Stanley — Fur P. is behavin' himself lately. Keep it up, fella' — Greetings go out to Frank from the Fox, to the Canal Boys from Jackie E. How are you Louis? To the red-headed one from John, Al, Bill and Rick — To The Fat One on his recent return, and we wish you many happy returns Rock — Roll on '60 — To Shorty D. and Louie G. a special hello from yours trulies — To the bulging one of The Big House in the person of Fats Rainbow — To Red Dunlop from Keith — Congrats go out to Bernie H. and Art P. who just

beat the Habit — To Ruth and Muggs from The Staff — From Stobby to Ed and company — Choices are all wrapped up again for the candy bandit — Nice!!!! 'Jealous Lover' is the new one the Splendid Splinter has put out on the market — dig that crazy background— When you gotta go you gotta go—that's what the Fat Jack says — The big battle of the bulges last week saw much action — The men up on the Kitchen range are having many tournaments these days. Tennis anyone???? Letter from one of the ex-members, and he is not fooling anyone with all the funny names and addresses — Ran into the funniest thing in the hall the other day. Mac San was clean shaven and the one he was holding conversation with was the same way. The other guy was Eddie T. — Moore and Patterson are drawing a lot of speculation from the money men around the circles. Everyone seems to think the old man is too smart for the kid. We think so too — Gene Fullmer is the choice to beat The Sugar — Al seems to think that Olson won the last one — Time to get even for the beatin'. buddy—How come The Weasel isn't takin' part in the soccer activity? Hmmm. Weasel???? No more on The Rabbit as yet, but there will be in time, and wait until we get you nailed down fella! —Fergy and the Case Of The Missin' Block is still puzzlin' The Fox. Let's not have any more stories, old man, and make the thing so we can get a little action—Old Joe makin' like a hero on the soccer field — Oh mein aking 'ead! — The new stage is in the makin' and the best carpenter we have is in charge of it. We hope Charlie can have it done in time for the Christmas concert — Willie the hammer had a nasty accident. Two stitches, yet, and wrapped up like a mummy — Stan and the fishin' line is quite a story and we would like to get the FULL story—How about some news John??? Hello to Little Punch Joe away down there in the town of Windsor. Keep up the good work Joe, and let us hear from you — Whosit that's carryin' two torches at the same time Ron? It's not ethical???? Nice article on the 'Moon' by Frank — It's not right for The Bomb to the best there is in Gin it it????That's what one of the BEST asked your trulies — Dodgers are back from the tour of the Orient. What is this about the big Don not showin' with the team? No, they never left him over there Al. He'll be back next year — The Léafs aren't clickin' Joe. Never mind the stories, let's have some facts — The Bruins won't be there forever Port — Hello to the John Christie Brown. Somo est usted, via asu asucar —

not from us, kid, but from the ex-Ed. — It won't take too much for the West to knock the Als out of the Grey Cup. At least, that's the way we hear it — The China Clipper has to carry the mail again — as does the Canadian quarterback—Hello to Cricketts, Stevie and Judo — What happened to the Ticats, Dooney?????Next year eh? Just watch the Argos — Who is the one with the flamin' red hair who was relieved of forty-nine socks t'uther day? Twenty-four and one half pair, yet — ODD eh????? Some say the new garbage man has experience in handlin' all types of machinery — L.B. back on the Schnapps line across the road. Hang on over there Lawrence — Ol' Crazy Legs made the ducat the other day. A grand old man who gave his all in sports, etc. during his stay here at the 'Walled-In Astoria. God luck out there Lloyd —Who is the man in one block that likes pasketti???? John B. back at the light job — nice to see your smilin' face and shinin' head, buddy — The monster back in the Quarry — too much brain, and besides all this, he missed the poetry of International John — The big red team got to lose it all Bugs — don't bet your life because it is too sweet — The reverend is on the end of a mop in one block these days— you got your ration man, so on your way — Muscles, the gold fish, left us the other day, to what we hope is a better place. The walk was too much on the little fellow's heart — What recent arrival used to hand out whiffles???? Hi, Louis — still there with the page. Don't give up yet, read on — Everyone in the place looking forward to the new stage, if it ever comes. Got the Bill wired for at least one concert — The Committee office vacant these past few days. What happened men, so we can give the population the news? Any scandal will help — The Glenn Miller Story went real nice last weekend. Great show and great action — The red-head in charge of the shows on the weekend is doing a tremendous job. How come we always get cut down on some of the reel????Little Bobby got the job of lookin' after Number Two Dorm. A nice change for a nice guy. Keep it as clean as the last guy, Bob, and you will never get a beef — Russ S. had a little accident last weekend and had to take a rest. Take it slow up there, Buddy, and hurry back — Big Don won the most valuable player award in the National League, much to the dismay of 'Take Two.' Can't get the man to admit the guy is terrific even though he did lose in the series — Little Joe awfly worried about our new column. Tryin' to bribe the staff yet!!!! Can't buy any part of the mob

off now man — Who is the man who has his Two Paws in everyone's business but his own, and what is the story of the missin' map???? The big Ross shakin' a nice bit. Nice guy with the right attitude and no egg shells for the coffee — What were they lookin' for this time? Not another batch of peanut butter, surely!!! After all — STOP THE PRESS!!!!— The Maggie is home. Welcome back to the clan, James, and a special thank you for the luggage you brought — Who is hidin' behind the shield? What a hidin' place—Nicholas is goin' out on a ticket-of-leave. Are you headin' for Ft. Francis ole man???? Who is the one who was waitin' for the shower the other night and ended up takin' a Bayer Aspirin????It's all ovah!—The big Green and Gold team smashed out the Reluctant Red. The third year in a row yet! This separated the men from the boys again. Al went for the bundle, as did Big John. (Wot hoppen'd to No. 77?) Farmer Clark also went for broke. Big backers on the Esks were Dooney, your trulies and the little Gar. Who was it that said "throbbin'" half way through the second half? What's that Al???? Eugene and the dance of the HULA HULA for what BOOLA BOOLA???? The tune was 'Dancing In The Dark.' Watch the steam Gene????Come, Ronnie, and cut us in on the scandal—Who has the name of Baldy? What is the name of the individual known as Pimples? What are we missin' on these two??? The radio request is gettin' a little off kiltah! Robert and Willie are takin' up the whole program — Ferg and Chas. D. lookin' over the Geog. maps. They may invade the northern country in an effort to take charge of the Gold Fields — Garry and Nick feedin' all excess food to Big Mac so he can grow up like big Arch O O Wee Williw goin' out to the Sardine Coast on his release. What's out there besides fish???? Mort with a little black pussy. Where did you get it Fred? Kitten, kitten, who has a kitten? Got to have company for the last thirty months. What kind o' thirty????All of these suggestions from our present Editor to say goodbye to this guy and the other is only promoted by his wish that we will give him a spread. Vain wish! We can think of a spread to give him but it would smell up the office too long — What elderly member of the Diamond staff is sendin' to Toronto for hair dye to touch up the sides where the white is beginning to show? At 32 yet!!!! Little Raymond sent the request of 'Searching.' Swueek, squeek. — Yoo hoo Bruno, Harold, we saw you two already yet — And Garry, what did you do to little old Robbie? You left him

yearnin" — Comment ca va Shields? What's with the French lessons? Welcome home and many happy returns to Chisel Chin. We really missed your ugly squash, honestly. How come Patsy never came with you?—Hello out there in Ottawa from the Jim Jim. Maggie on probation yet, in Voc. Masons. Something new eh lucky???As Miss Edith Piau says: "Christmas, eet ees Noel" Take notice of all the tickets that are going out the door for Christmas. At least seven that we know of. The Sa Fa Bam in the person of Gerry Parr is leaving us and will read this spread from the street. All the best out there buddy and take it easy. The staff barber is also taking leave on Monday. Garry Harding, the nicest guy we have ever met is going on to the North country and we wish the gentleman the best in everything he does. We will certainly miss your smilin' face old man. So you think you got troubles will be in the next issue and let us know what you think. Olson, Davidson leave us this week via the ducat route. Wee Auger has already gone and this kid certainly deserved to go. A long time in coming but it was worth waiting for. Behave yourself lad and don't take any wooden nickels. Oh man, not the front again. I'm afraid so lads. Haw haw. At last we have a mystery. What is the reason for the screaming pussy cat after the lights are down low? Come Billy, tell us about this thing. The Red Cross is on the way. Everyone makin' new hats and strides for the occasion. Whats with all this preparation anyway?? Especially you Skinny. How lucky do you think you can get? Little Ol' Arch got a bad smash in the soccer game last week end. It only adds to your present beauty guy. Don't worry about the weaker sex at all. You still got it. So has Baldy B. Now Jimmy, you know you have. The all star game proved to be much for the syndicate of Al and Ron. They went big and now they are in the red. These guys never seem to learn. They are rather thin at the present time and if they lose anymore weight they will look like a couple of strands of spaghetti...Lots of odds on the west too. Big Buck lost a cigar to yours trulies. Don't cry silly it only costs a dime...Some people never learn to stay away from people they don't get along with. When you got to go, you got to go, YOU have got to go...Fergoosin' and Billy are on the outs these days. What seems to be the trouble Ferg?? Garry sends out best wishes to the old sparring partner Frank Dennis across the road. He says hang in there Frank; take it slow and you too, can be lucky. Everyone is happy with the new year and

Triumph and Tragedy

William Huddlestone

AS I begin this article, the date is Hallowe'en — that time of year when witches and hobgoblins become active in the minds of children. It is also during this time of year, history shows, that wars are started. The witches of the international set have at last come out of their foul smelling haunts to roam the world — bringing disaster and heartbreak to millions of freedom-loving peoples who are bound to suffer from the indiscretion of a misdirected broom.

Let us look at the world situation from the viewpoint of a layman and discard the professional outlook for a moment. For the master politicians have only succeeded in confusing the man-on-the-street with their intrigue and propaganda.

A good example of this is the immobile attitude of the United States Government during election time. The politicians of this country are more concerned with winning public support of their program of spectating — which, so far, has proven to be negative — than they are of securing their own position externally and thus protecting the smaller nations that place so much trust in them.

Now the world scene has started blazing in the Middle East. Israel's unjustified attack on Egypt has given the 'Lion' and the Tricolour an inexcusable excuse to step into the Canal zone and exert forceful domination of that area. This smacks of the dirtiest type of intrigue and political manouvering that world history can ever expose. There can be no doubt that there was collusion between Israel and the Anglo-Franco alliance — that Israel was given the green light by her allies — enabling them to a childish revenge against one man — Nasser. Yet in their effort to get Nasser, they have overlooked the Egyptian people who support this man. All the propaganda that Egypt's attackers can dish out to the world will never excuse their intolerable action. The good will and friendship that Egypt, France and Britain once enjoyed are forever doomed to the pages of history.

Through their military action in the Middle East, England and France sold out the Hun-

garian people in their bid for freedom. The United States' immobility at election time was another contributing factor. These nations have supported Radio Free Europe which encourages the people living behind the Iron Curtain to throw off the yoke of Communism, and then when the people rallied to their call, they stood back and watched in befuddled amazement. By such action, we are building a curtain around a curtain.

England was once a powerful, dominating nation. During the past decade, she has desperately attempted to retain her master's grip on the under-developed nations of the world. But with the prominence of Communism, and her own bankruptcy, she is beginning to act like a savage beast — trapped in the snare of fate — rather than retire gracefully to the position that she is worthy of holding.

Canada's relationship to Great Britain is deteriorating at a rapid pace. When I was a young lad going to school, I remember the teacher's first action every morning was to have the class stand and sing God Save The King. We were indoctrinated like Hitler's children into the wonders and glories of the British Empire, of which, it was emphasized, we were a part. Now-a-days, O' Canada is the vogue coupled with increasing demand for our own national flag.

As I grew older, I came to the realization that as a Canadian, I was also enforced to be a British subject. Now, to many people, this is not an undesirable situation. But I rebel at the enforcement of British status on my person. It is an encroachment of civil right. I have met more Canadians of this viewpoint than the pro-British element. We are classified as Nationalists. Although Britain's grip on our country is practically non-existent, we are virtually strangling like a fly on sticky paper through Royal domination.

In Canada, we are in a precarious position. Each year, thousands of immigrants from the United Kingdom enter this country to start life anew. There is no quota on English immigration to this country. These people will come here with their British outlook and convic-

tions and attempt to enforce the English view on us. Immigrants from other countries though, are subjected to immigration quotas, and if they attempt to live after the custom of their forefathers or express their views, they are brutally insulted by being called D.P.'s, Hunky, 'Chink or Wap, etc. What form of democracy is this?

Just what do we derive from being a member of the Commonwealth? How is it beneficial to Canada? If we are to belong to this union of nations, then their citizens should enjoy the same immigration privileges as the white, occidental population. Since the end of the second World War, we have helped carry the British through a very austere economic program — a program that placed the British people in more dire circumstances than the people she helped to defeat — the Germans. Now that she has regained a temperate amount of economic stability, she feels that she should once more dominate as the leading world power.

On the other hand, we have inherited a good part of the British element that could not succeed in their own country, and now parade our streets with that provoking, domineering, English air. Our country is hamstrung by Commonwealth ties. The nationalistic cause is gaining strong support, but the continued

persistence to give preference to the English class serves as a blockade to our own freedom. If we are going to have a great country — a nation founded by mixed races who can add bits of their culture to our North American way-of-life — then an even quota—one based on racial equality is the only fair and just method. Not fifty percent of one type and three of another.

Many people will undoubtedly label me: Anti-British. I'm not. I'm not against any race of people — Only some of their methods of living, and their attitudes to the under-privileged.

The British nation is failing — failing fast. Like France, she has refused to progress with the times. Its tantamount to two old fogies who are entering bankruptcy and still trying to buy on credit, and then when they can get no more on credit, signs everything over to their wives.

There is much to be said for and against war. The loser or suppressed eventually become the winner. It is the same with a man's mind. He can be temporarily subdued by abstract arguments, but his own logic will eventually master. The triumphs of British history are becoming the tragedy of tomorrow.

REELIN' AND DEALIN'

what it brought. For some it is the last one and for others it is just another one to put in. Lets all get together this year and make it a little better than the last one. By doin' this we can make every year be more successful

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than the last and before we know it everyone will be getting along. A new addition has added to the week-end programme. Shows on music, (classical) and hobbycraft are now shown on Saturdays. you next thirty.

SPEAKING OF SPORTS

Scoring for United was by Jim McGregor from Antone and from the same man a few minutes later n Joe Hiesel that booted in the only goal for hisfrom Marshall. For Rangers it was the old vetera side. The assist on this goal went to Scott. The star of the game goes to Jimmy who once again was outstanding on the field. I guess the old man wants us to know he is back in shape for the season and will be real trouble in all the games from here on in. The linesmen for the game were Belbin and Delarosabel and the referees were Corrie and Fox. There were no penalties in this game. See you next month.

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I honestly believe that a man is simply foolish not only when he thinks he can beat the law of gravity, but when he thinks he can beat the law of good morals.

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A narrow-minded person is one who can look through a key-hole with both eyes at the same time.

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A plunging neckline is something you can approve of and look down on at the same time.



PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



THE DRAPER INMATE. (Speigner, Alabama.)

Your Aug.-Sept. issue has been thoroughly read by the staff and Hank Lakey's Editorial was highly praised by one and all. More of this type of editorial and more articles of this type could very well be used by the Penal Press. The section entitled A Glimpse At The Girls, if it is read carefully will show many of us that the women have more to bear in prison than men do. The article, A Road I Know, was very well done and the next editor may get around to reprinting it. The complete issue was well put together and you shall definitely hear if we fail to receive you. This is the issue I have been waiting for, my last. Adios and good luck to you folks in the cradle of the south. Save your confederate money, the south shall arise!

THE BULLETIN. (Montgomery, Alabama.)

Two in a row from the south, people will be figuring we are transplanted planters. First, we feel the reprint from The Guidepost was well chosen, this story should be used by all Penal publications at least once. Not only to show fellow time-servers what can be done, but to show John Q. Public that it can be done. We enjoyed Steve Hunter's Let Me Tell You About My Case, he has a real style. Aline Vinson rates an Orchid from us, however, there is one stipulation, she must come up here and get it. Music and Crime Prevention certainly gives a person some solid food for thought, there may be something there. This U.P.P. deal sounds good to us, we would appreciate however some real details regarding this, where can we get said information? Will close with good wishes for the New Year and lots of luck.

THE MESSENGER. (State of South Dakota.)

We salute Sodak Salutes, this idea of giving credit where credit is due is the only way for us of the Penal Press to make real advances, nice going. Woes of a Penal Editor, well, well, you to? Boy, what a middle of the road policy we must, of necessity, follow. Your Editorial hit the spot with us.

THE PRESIDIO. (Fort Madison, Iowa.)

There is a great deal of good in everyone, regardless of where they are. It's our job to show people, not necessarily that we are good, but that we are human. This is from the October issue of the

Presidio, the column is headed, With The Editor. And to this writer it is sound Penal Press philosophy, for fourteen months we have been reading the Presidio very closely and to the best of our ability attempting to follow their trend. We feel we have come to know the staff of this fine publication and once settled on the outside we shall subscribe to the same. To the staff of Presidio, it has been nice knowing you and trust you continue to flourish. Happy New Year and Adios.

MONTHLY RECORD. (State of Connecticut.)

Welcome, welcome, to J. Fagan. I'm leaving, you are starting, this is life I suppose, but let me wish you luck as editor of the Monthly Record. Your magazine is always enjoyed here and our staff feel quite sure you will have no difficulties in maintaining the standard of your publication. Your first editorial a real gem, so you have no worries that way, keep B.C. Williamson hammering on the subject he has chosen. Remember, it takes many drops to fill a bucket. The source of your reprint, Reformation vs Crime is the best and they certainly print the tops for North America. Right through the October issue you show a wonderful spirit, one of crusading. Do not weaken, Bye, and Happy New Year.

THE CLOCK. (State of Idaho.)

Your mimeograph work is excellent and the contents are very good but that Thanksgiving menu you printed is enough to make us up here in the north stop speaking to you all. Joe Iverson certainly turned out a very readable article in Science at I.S.P. This is the type of publicity that we of the Penal Press should direct at the public, too little is known of the number of inmates who are willing to risk their health to better mankind. Make Time Serve You was also very good as was Self Examination. But that Thanksgiving Menu keeps coming to my mind as I write, trust W.L. Owen got a double helping, he deserves it. Will close with A Happy New Year and plenty of luck, did I mention that Thanksgiving menu, hope so.

To all Penal Press editors: As editor of the C.B. Diamond for the last fourteen months I feel I have come to know many of you through your writing. It is now my turn to say goodbye. To each and everyone of you I wish A Happy New Year and all the best. To my pal John Christie Brown, exchange editor of K.P. Telescope I wish all the best and take it easy.

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Some people are in debt because they spend what their friends think they make.
Brickwork

OF VALUE?

Wm. F. Jones

IT is a provoking thought, to say the least, to realize that church attendance here is compulsory. Of all things that are—and should be — compulsory, church attendance should be the one that is not. A man who left this institution and has since been imprisoned, attended church regularly: he had little choice. His attendance in the showers, however, was sporadic—in fact, for a little more than three months, he was more than a little allergic to water: so much so, that both he and his cell were cleaned up under supervision. This man was not clean in mind and body, yet the first requisite for a healthy mind is a healthy body. What, therefore, was the value of compulsory church services for him and others like him? Is it thought by the powers that be that exposing a man to thirty minutes of church attendance per week is going to wash away the accumulated filth and sweat of thirty days? I hardly think so, and yet facts must be allowed to speak for themselves. Seeing, in this instance, is believing.

If it is contended by the authorities that some religious influence is desirable in order to successfully carry out a man's rehabilitation, all well and good, but it has always been an accepted fact that people will only accept and learn by their own free will. Educators the world over, since time began, have been aware of this and stressed its veracity.

Prison is probably the most improbable place to be found wherein to begin teaching a man an acceptance of religion or christianity, for he is surrounded on all sides, and at all times, by the exact opposite. When he attends church service, he is met at the door not by his minister or other church-goers but by a custodial officer. When inside the church there is one minister but two or three custodial officers. He does not — he cannot if he is a feeling man — feel that he is at a religious service. Does a man standing on a gallows trap, surrounded by officialdom and the hangman, feel that he is at a New Year's Ball? Likewise with the man in church.

To be sure, the minister provides him with as dignified and religious a service as circumstances will permit, but that does not remove the knowledge that worship and attendance

are other than officially supervised and attended.

How, then, is a man to commence accepting anything for his guidance other than himself? That same guiding force that brought him here in the first place?

Religion today, fortunately, is not the hypocritical and pious thing of yesterday: it is more an emphasis on "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Few of us—indeed I doubt if any of us — could live up to that, but surely to encourage an imprisoned man to at least begin to think along those lines is the object behind his forced attendance at church. Such an objective is 'out' before it reaches first base.

We in the Western Hemisphere sit back and smugly await the disintegration of the might Soviet Communist bloc. Why do we feel so sure that it will fall, and its disintegration sure at its own hands? Because we know that it is based upon compulsion. Never, says the Western theorist, can anything sound and lasting in human affairs be built upon compulsion. But, says the Western theorist, the principle which will bring about the destruction of the massive and mighty Soviet bloc will produce desirable rehabilitative traits in our Western prisons. How does he correlate one assertion with the other? Where is the 'tying-chair' in such logic? There is none, because he knows that both statements cannot be correct: one is right and one is wrong. The former we know from experience to be right: therefore, we know by deduction the latter to be wrong.

And what of the minister? The fact that he is a man of God detracts in no way from the fact that he is also a man of the flesh. Will he have the same strength of purpose, the same conviction to teach, when he knows that he faces an audience which is not far removed from being contemptuous of the whole proceeding? I don't know, I can only feel that putting a stumbling block in a man's way is a strange way of encouraging him.

It is not suggested by this writer that voluntary church services are going to turn out more christian-minded individuals than the present services, but it would seem that if it is felt that some religious influence is a desirable trait to be fostered and encouraged, then the very last method to be used to secure this should be one of compulsion.

A husband gets no piece of mind when his wife gives him a piece of hers.



Romancing with Music

Ray Smith

I WOULD like to tell you about a great American minstrel song-tune that is rarely used now but in our earlier days was used a great deal. The song is called 'Darling Nellie Gray' and was written by Benjamin R. Handy who was born in Ohio State in the year 1833. Anna H. Ramsay composed the tune which really made Handy's words famous: Anna was Handy's sister. The song commenced-

There's a long green valley by the old Kentucky shore,

Where we've wil'd many happy hours away;
A-sitting and singing by the little cottage door
Where dwelt my lovely Nellie Gray.

Oh my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,

And I'll never see my darling any more.

I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,

For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

The composer of the tune, Anna H. Ramsay, said: "When my brother was writing 'Darling Nellie Gray' in 1856, I wrote the accompaniment. It was sent to a music-publishing house in Boston and when we did not hear from them, we thought they had failed to publish it. But I was at a reception one afternoon and to my surprise a young lady sang my brother's song. As no one else save my brother, myself and family — and a few friends — knew it, I asked how she came to know it. She replied that she had bought it in sheet music recently out."

"I left the company and hurried home and told my brother the good news. He wrote to the firm, who replied that the song would have a god run and sent a dozen copies. When asked by my brother for his share of the pro-

ceeds, they answered that the piece had brought him fame, and that was his share."

Although the proceeds of the sales amounted to a small fortune, all Benjamin R. Handy was able to collect was a dozen copies of his own song and twenty pounds Sterling as a compromise not to bring suit.

The musician's lot is a hard one. When the Cossacks invaded Warsaw they smashed the piano of Frederic Chopin and used it for fire wood. Mozart's music was criticised by the Austrian Emperor because it contained too many notes, and Bach was in constant trouble with the church over his music.

It's strange how songs come and go, leaving but a small mark in the world. Take this song that was popularized by Christy's Minstrels in their collection of 'Minstrel Songs.' It commenced:

Let me kiss him for his mother,

Let me kiss his youthful brow,

I will love him for his mother's,

And seek her blessing now.

There is a story told that a ragged, unkempt and drunken man was knocked down and fatally injured on a street in New York. One of the bystanders, a lady of refinement, leaned over the dying drunk and kissed him, uttering as she did so: "Let me kiss him for his mother's sake." Hence a minstrel song was born.

Music plays such an important part in our lives that unjust and unwarranted prejudices which appear from time to time have prevented its performance on occasion. One of the most recent instances is that concerning the presentation of the opera Aida in London, England. One of the greatest sopranos of our day was engaged to perform the title role in this opera, the locale of which is Egypt. Be-

Continued on page 33

Monthly Reprint

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The following article, reprinted from the K. P. Telescope, was written by an inmate who has since been transferred to this institution. The staff of The Diamond believes there is much food for thought in the views expressed, and while the writer has been informed that he may have the privilege of enrolling in a vocational course here next year, has consented to let us publish the words he wrote before this avenue of learning was opened to him.*

THE END OF A GUN

IN a recent discussion with a few of my friends I found myself trying to explain just why my prospects for the future were so bleak. On thinking back I can see that this summation of my life and chances, embodying as it does the lives of so many other men, might be of interest to the reader. For this reason alone, I tell it now:

By far the largest portion of my life has been spent in penal institutions: now I am in Kingston Penitentiary — the end of the line.

Despite the deceptive titles of some of these jails, and despite the misleading impressions of reformation given in some magazines, I can go on record as having said that I never learned, nor had the opportunity to learn, a single thing that would be of any value to me outside of prison. Quite the opposite: in fact, jail has so corrupted me that I am now far worse than I was years back at the start of my career. After working at one-quarter speed for five hours per day over a period of years, I have undoubtedly lost the necessary stamina to hold a job on the outside where I would be expected to work at full energy for eight hours per day. Jail has ingrained in me work habits that would take years to break.

During my years of confinement it has never been necessary to face any responsibility. I have no worries about budgets, landlords, doctor bills, food, clothing, or anything else that the ordinary man has to cope with. I have no say about when I go to bed or when I get up. Doors are opened and closed for me. During the whole prison day it is never required that the inmate think or act on his own. When a bell rings just step out of your cell and fall

into line. Why worry about where you are going? Just follow the line and put out your hand. Every last shred of initiative has been stifled.

Jail has forced on me habits of sanitation that would surely make me a social outcast if I were unable to break them upon release. Imagine how popular I would be if I bathed and changed my under garments and socks but once a week, my trousers once every six months, and my sleeping blankets once a year.

If these changes were all voluntary and it was up to the individual inmate as to whether he changed or not, it would, perhaps, not be quite so bad. But the truth of the matter is that the inmate is placed in a mold like an ingot of steel; and the powers that be, faithfully following the present day concepts of reform exert the pressure of a giant press to force the inmate to conform to the shape of the mold. Bend or break is the watch-word of the day. Either the inmate turns into a character right out of Dogpatch, or he ends up in a mental hospital. Not a very attractive choice.

I have lived in this destructive environment for years, and I am just a little curious to know how any sound thinking man or woman could actually believe that it is possible to reform a man by removing him from the society of honest citizens and throwing him into — let us be quite frank—a den of thieves; by locking him in a cage for eighteen hours of the day, by feeding him the same monotonous menu day after day, by supplying him with all the bare necessities of life free of charge and forbidding him to have anything else, by forcing on him back-woods sanitation, by de-

priving him of his friends, family and normal association with members of the opposite sex Don't you honestly think all this is more apt to corrupt, rather than reform?

There is yet another side of the story, and this side is more personal. All my life I have bounced in and out of trouble with other youths of my own age. I have never stolen with an older person who actually knew what he was doing, and so I have never actually been what could be called "a good thief." Of course it is true that some men "improve" themselves in jail by hanging onto the words of more experienced men and learning, perhaps, how to crack a safe or pick a pocket. But this is hard to do — even in jail.

I not only lack the knowledge to be an honest man, but even worse, I lack the knowledge to commit almost every type of crime that requires the least bit of specialized training. When I leave here I will have the ability to commit only one type of crime; a crime that makes me a potential murderer. . . . robbery with a gun. This is what I did last time. This is what I will likely do next time if I continue the road of crime. If and when this happens and I get a gun in my hands I will be in a very bad position — bad for society as much as myself. Because I know that as a second offender with a gun I will probably come back to Kingston with a life sentence. Place yourself in my position. Do you really think I would give up the gun without a fight? What on earth would I have to lose? What could be worse than spending the rest of your life behind the grey walls of Kingston Penitentiary?

ROMANCING WITH MUSIC

cause of the current trouble between Britain and that country, some short-sighted people in Great Britain have forbidden this presentation. Stop and think a moment — the opera was written by an Italian composer, depicting in fantasy supposed happenings in Egypt many centuries ago. How by any stretch of sensible thinking a person in the twentieth century can couple this imagined story and superb music with what is actually transpiring today is something that, if not bigotry, is very, very foolish. It is indeed a sorry situation when the pure art of music is used as a football in politics.

A small thought for the New Year, the only sure thing about luck is that it will change.

This needn't be — and I refer not only to my own case but to the many others who are in the same boat as myself. There are two roads that can be taken — taken not by the inmate, because in truth, as I have pointed out, the inmate is a helpless pawn who is molded or moved in any direction the authorities wish — but two roads that can be taken by the authorities. I have already explained the inevitable result of the present road. The other direction has much happier results. This is in the direction of curing these evils I have outlined. Would not this be the wiser course? Let us look at the facts.

In four years I will go out of prison. There is nothing anyone can do to stop this — no matter how much they wish, no matter how sure they are of my intentions. Why, in the name of all that's sensible, do the powers that be simply throw up their hands and say: "I'm sorry, but it's impossible to rehabilitate you. You're incorrigible?" If they had been exposed to the corruptions of jail like I have, they'd be pretty poor specimens themselves. How in heaven's name do they know that it is impossible to reform us? Has anybody ever tried?

One thing is certain, Mr. Taxpayer, you have never changed things so that I would be made better rather than worse. In four years time it will be this "worse me" that you will have out there with you. From a purely selfish viewpoint, if no other, would you say that this was for or against your best interests? I don't wish to meet you, and I'm sure that you don't wish to meet me in four years time. . . . on the end of a gun.

Continued from Page 31

In conclusion, however, let us always bear in mind that the hard lot of great musicians and their masterpieces has made our lot a happier one.

"Music do I hear;

Ha, Ha, keep time; how sour sweet
Music is

When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
Take but degree away, untune that string
And hark what discord follows."

William Shakespeare

NEWS and VIEWS

by Bill Jones

From **The Evening Telegram**, Nov, 27th, 1956 —

JAILBREAKER, FREE SIX YEARS, GETS NINE MONTHS

PERTH (Special) — A jailbreaker who spent six years of freedom working quietly in an Oshawa factory, today was sent to Ontario reformatory. William Bradt, 50, who broke out of Lanark County Jail here Feb. 2, 1950, while facing charges of theft and shopbreaking, today pleaded guilty before Judge F.W. Wilson to a charge of escaping custody. He was sentenced to nine months definite and three months indeterminate. Bradt was arrested in Oshawa Oct. 26th after a tip to police that he was the "William Jarman" who had become a trusted employe of an aluminum plant. After the guilty plea had been entered on the jailbreak count, Judge Wilson agreed to a Crown request the original charge against Bradt be dropped.

Comment:- Our readers will recall our discussion of this case in our issue of December, 1956 under the title of *The Informer*. Now that disposition of William Bradt has been made, we wish to commend the Crown for requesting that the original charges against this man be dropped when he pleaded guilty to the charge of jailbreaking. We believe the presiding judge, weighing all the circumstances surrounding this unusual case, has meted out justice tempered with mercy. We are indeed pleased that William Bradt, after completion of his sentence, will be in a position to face the world, and all men, unafraid of exposure and proof against extortion or blackmail attempts. To the informer who felt it his 'duty' to expose Bradt, we recommend some Bible reading and suggest he pay particular heed to the teachings contained therein, not the least appropriate of which contains the admonition "let him who is without sin cast the first stone"

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From **The Globe And Mail**, Nov. 28th, 1956 —

CHARACTER, PUNISHMENT ARE LINKED

Punishment should fit the character of the criminal as well as the crime, Don Coughlin, director of probation services for Ontario, told the monthly meeting of the Lakeshore-Etobi-

coke Neighborhood Workers District Association at St. Margaret's Anglican Church, New Toronto. Mr. Coughlin stressed that the approach to the question of meeting the problem of crime was an educational one, both in the training of personnel and in the enlightenment of the general citizen. He said that there was a great need in Canada for more educational facilities for the study of penology. No courses are provided in law schools in Canada in the philosophy of punishment and correction, no Canadian university actually offers formal training in penology. He felt that the penal system's first objective was protection of the public, but he said protection would be better served if more delinquents could be reclaimed as useful citizens. Mr. Coughlin stressed that although for the majority of cases probation and parole were the answer, there was a small class of professional criminals for which incarceration was the only answer in order to protect the public. However, this was a very small minority.

Comment:- We feel there are some pungent points in this speech by Mr. Coughlin, not the least of which is his contention that the need for education on penology is two-way: to wit, enlightenment of the general citizen and training of personnel. That protection of the public would be better served by reclamation of more delinquents than by incarceration is the high point of these various observations: couple this with his feeling that probation and parole were the answer to the majority of cases and we have an opinion from a highly-placed official in penology that should carry weight with the considerations of the Federal Government when they study the Fauteux Commission Report. Mr. Coughlin's phraseology marks him as a man forthright in his opinions and one who has the courage of his convictions. We like his unequivocal utterance.... "there was a small class of professional criminals for which incarceration was the only answer in order to protect the public. However, this was a very small minority." Thank you, our friend!

** ** *

QUOTATIONS FROM an address before the National Conference on Parole, Washington, D.C. by Mr. Earl Warren, Chief Justice of

the United States.

(1) "Much has happened in the field of correction and particularly in parole since that time." (Mr. Warren referred to a speech he made seventeen years earlier.) "But there is, of course, much more to be done."

(2) "...people everywhere will acquire a better understanding of at least some of the things they should know concerning the objectives, the accomplishments, and the shortcomings of parole. It is through such understanding that we can hope to make progress."

(3) "In so many quarters, the principle of parole is little understood and reluctantly accepted. In so many others, an appraisal of its work is made on the basis of the failures of a few parolees."

(4) "All the large cities have thousands of policemen to guard against the commission of crime, but how many parole officers do those same cities have to guide and rehabilitate those who are in the potential criminal class?"

(5) "In some jurisdictions, a parole officer will have more than 500 to supervise. In very few do they have less than 100. In none that I am aware of do they have as few as 40 or 50, which is considered an ideal workload. Who on earth could supervise 500 broken men with the limited skills and opportunities of the average ex-convict?"

(6) "The value of any parole system lies in the personal supervision given to the individual by trained and understanding people."

(7) "I should like to make just a few closing observations that, in my opinion, would apply to any parole system.

- (a) The personnel must be of the highest integrity.
- (b) It must be trained for the job.
- (c) The job must pay sufficient to attract that type of person.
- (d) There should be a sufficient number of parole officers to adequately supervise the parolees because no system is better than the supervision and guidance it affords.
- (e) It should be operated by full-time employees."

COMMENT:- We take the liberty of reminding our readers that Chief Justice Warren's life has been spent in law administration — as prosecutor, Governor of the State of California, and now the highest office-holder in the Judiciary in the United States. These words of Mr. Warren can be accepted as one hundred percent bona fide and well considered.

There is no man in any government in any land whose background, viewed from any angle, qualifies him more to discuss the subject of the humanities than this gentleman: anything we may add as pleading would be anti-climactic, but we would like to stress one point of Mr. Warren's to our readers and our government. In point (5) above, it is indicated that the ideal workload for a parole officer is 40 to 50 parolees. If this is so, the saving in dollars to the government of these men on the street versus being in prison, at today's cost, would be \$60,000 to \$75,000 annually. Does this not more than cover all five of the necessary conditions for the ideal and workable parole system outlined in Mr. Warren's closing remarks — and still leave some money over as a saving?

It seems too good to be true that you can save a man for society and save money, too, but figures don't lie: the most brilliant mind on the Bench in the most powerful and progressive country on earth says you can. A very sound case for parole, we think.

* * * * *

CRIME DOESN'T JUST HAPPEN,

IT'S CAUSED. (Quoting from an address by Mr. A.M. Kirkpatrick, executive director of the John Howard Society of Ontario to the Kiwanis Club in Kingston, Ontario.)

(1) "Crime does not strike like lightning out of the blue; it is caused, and the factors which contribute to turning a man into a criminal go back to his early life."

(2) "We have been used to believing that an offender is caught, sentenced and imprisoned and that something mystical is supposed to happen to make him a different person from the one he was when he was caught."

(3) "We must change our way of thinking to more positive terms: unless we do change our ideas towards helping the ex-inmate, we are guilty of failing in our duty as citizens of the community and as human beings. We are, in fact, warehousing these men, putting them in storage."

(4) "Probation is not leniency, but a considerate judgment on the part of a court, a considered judgment that the person can make himself a useful citizen in the community. Admittedly, there are some failures, but they are worth the price to keep the others functioning with their friends and families."

(5) "There is nothing less constructive than just 'doing time.' "

(6) Mr. Kirkpatrick described the almost overwhelming problems the inmate faces when he is returned to society, as follows: "Simple survival is the first of these, since the ex-inmate usually has only a few dollars in his pocket and no job. When it comes to employment he is often discriminated against and finds difficulty in licensing and bonding. One of his heaviest burdens is carrying the stigma of a prison sentence for many years."

(7) Mr. Kirkpatrick cited the cases of some men he had known who had become useful and even prominent men in their communities, only to have their prison records dredged up after many years: "The ex-inmate does not ask for preferential treatment, only unprejudicial treatment. We always hear the stories of the men who fail but seldom the stories of those who succeed after coming out of prison. If we send a man to prison and fail to restore him to the community, then this is a mark on the conscience of not only the individual but of society as a whole."

COMMENT:- Anything we may attempt to add to Mr. Kirkpatrick's remarks would be redundant: may we respectfully suggest that those members of the government who will shortly — we hope — be considering the Fautoux Report, place these two observations of such clear-thinking men in their portfolios as guides to their eventual legislation.

* * * * *

From *The Telegram*, December 17th, 1956 —

FREE 100 FROM PRISON FOR CHRISTMAS

Ottawa — Between 100 and 125 penitentiary inmates are being released before Christmas with the hope that family reunions during the Yule season will help complete their rehabilitation. The release started early in December

to give former prisoners a chance to find jobs and earn some money for Christmas. However, officials said the releases do not represent a wholesale delivery from jails. They include prisoners whose terms were due to expire soon. A few were released on compassionate grounds. The dominant policy in allowing the releases is the favourable influence the Christmas family setting will have on the parolees. The total of Christmas releases this year is slightly below last year's, but over the year, releases will total more than 1,500, about 10 percent more than in 1955.

COMMENT:- No forward-looking, clear-thinking person will but agree with the sentiment and reasoning in the above. The highlights of the article are (a) "a few were released on compassionate grounds" and (b) "...over the year, releases will total more than 1,500, about 10 percent more than in 1955." There is certainly a very small, hard core of men in prisons who will never rehabilitate themselves for the simple reason that their thinking is along the lines that they can live better and easier by their wits than by their brawn. We do nothing to refute this statement other than make the observation that if our brains had functioned properly we would never have been prisoners. To the very large number of men who are ripe for rehabilitation, nothing can imbue them with the incentive to rebuild their lives like a gesture to those innocent ones who love them and have suffered equally for their guilt. In connection with (b) a sane appraisal convinces us that this is progress, and while the speed of the progress may be creeping rather than running, the movement is at least in a forward direction. If those in whom such trust has been shown do not stagger by the wayside, the chance for acceleration — and us — automatically become greater.

At the little League ball game, with only children and women in the stands, and children on the field, that old pet prison phrase came out as strong and loud as ever.

Occasions such as outside entertainment groups, ball games, blood drives and the numerous other activities along these lines are considered privileges, and we could lose them through acts like these.

The education of Mr. & Mrs. Joe Citizen, on prison, prisoners, and the many complex problems involved in rehabilitation, is our only hope towards improvement.

Tremendous steps have been made in this direction during the past ten years. With each passing day more and more of the general public realize that "Prisoners are People." Consider the number of people that are literally knocking themselves out to improve the life of a prisoner. Then consider the number of prisoners who are, or so it seems to me, trying everything in their power to defeat any improvement. Isn't it only right that we should try to clean up our own back yard, before asking someone else to clean up their's.

From *The New Day* via the *Hilltopper*.

YOU SAY....

Garry Harding

You say you've got troubles! You say you were framed — that you really weren't stealing the car, just borrowing it! But now you're in jail and everything's going wrong for you.

You say that on your first day you were fingerprinted and you've been here a year and haven't been able to wash the ink off yet — and so you have to eat with gloves on!

And you say you're a cook and they put you to work in the blacksmith shop. You say you've been trying to let your hair grow in but you always get a barber who's just learning and you always end up with a brush-cut!

And the plumber put the knobs back on the showers in reverse and you scalded yourself when you turned on the cold water! And you say you don't hear from your girl anymore — and still declare you were framed and nobody believes you.

And you say they just threw a frisk and discovered your brew, so now it'll be a dry Christmas. And some little guy tripped you in the soccer game, just when you had your only chance of the season to score! So you say.

And you say the *IX?!% referee gave you the penalty for holding up the game when you limped off the field! And you say you lost all your weed on the Moore-Patterson fight and nobody'll give you a smoke! And you don't hear from your girl any more.

And you say you and the boys put a handful of laxative pills in your buddy's coffee for a joke but they switched cups on you — and you've been on the go for a week! And you say your Mother wrote you saying she thinks the boarder made off with your clothes because he went out for a packet of cigarettes and hasn't been back for five months! And you don't hear from your girl.

And you say.....



There is an old time fable that the devil once held a sale and offered all the tools of his trade to anyone who would pay the price. They were spread out on the table, each one labeled — hatred, malice, envy, despair, sickness, sensuality — all the weapons that everyone knows so well.

But off on one side, apart from the rest, lay a harmless looking, wedge-shaped instrument marked "Discouragement." It was old and worn looking, but it was priced far above all the rest. When asked the reason why, the devil replied:

"Because I can use this one so much easily than the others. No one knows that it belongs to me, so with it I can open doors that are tight bolted against the others. Once I get inside I can use any tools that suits me best."

No one ever knows how small is the margin between failure and success. Ask the Fords, the Edisons, ask any successful man and he will tell you how narrow is the chasm that separates failure from success, how surely it can be bridged by perseverance and faith.

Robert Collier,

The Secret of the Ages.

New Year's resolutions are like pie-crust — made to be broken.

He reminds me of the man who murdered both his parents, and then, when sentence was about to be pronounced, pleaded for mercy on the grounds that he was an orphan.

— Abraham Lincoln.



The Editor,
C. B. Diamond,

Your sample copy of the C.B. Diamond was very welcome. I enclose \$2.50 for the three year subscription. With best wishes for your work,

Gordon Bazeley,
Toronto, 7, Ontario

Dear Mr. Bazeley:

Your kind letter and generous contribution were most welcome and gratifying to us. We sincerely hope our issues continue to please you, and we shall welcome any comment or criticism you may care to offer from time to time. We wish you a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The Staff

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The Treasurer,
The Collin's Bay Diamond,
Box 190, Kingston, Ont.

Dear Mr. Treasurer:

Herewith I hand you my cheque in the amount of \$2.00 to renew my publication which I think is past due. I think it would be the part of wisdom that when the subscription comes due, you would notify the subscribers so that their subscriptions may be paid to you on time. There is some worthwhile reading in your publication and you are to be encouraged in your work.

Yours sincerely,
W.M. Nickle, M.P.P. for Kingston

Dear Sir:

We thank you kindly for your letter and enclosure of \$2.00 which has been placed to credit of your subscription account with us. We appreciate your interest and encouragement and shall endeavour to publish material which will warrant expansion of our subscription list. In connection with your remarks regarding expiration of your subscription, we believe you have erred in date — according to our records, you are paid up until August, 1957. This latest contribution, therefore, will keep your subscription in force until August 1959. We have a system of notifying subscribers when their subscriptions expire, and if we may be facetious, many of us are here because we took a much greater interest in other peoples' money than our own. May we wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and again, thanks.

The Staff

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The C.B. Diamond,

Dear Editors and Staff:

I am in receipt of the copy of your magazine, and wish to say I have enjoyed it. Having had a bit of experience in assembling material for publishing, I recognise the care taken in the selection and presentation of the material in C.B. Diamond. The design of cover is excellent. I am enclosing one dollar covering one year's subscription. I will look forward to receiving it.

Very truly,

(Mrs.) Minnie V. Fowler,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Mrs. Fowler:

Many thanks for your kind letter and subscription. Before you receive the copy of our issue in which we are writing this acknowledgment, you will have received our Christmas issue and trust you will find it, too, of interest to you. We shall endeavour to justify your faith in us and shall be only too pleased to receive any comments or criticism you may care to offer from time to time. Again thanking you, and wishing you all the best for a Happy and Prosperous 1957, we remain

Yours truly,
The Staff

** ** *

The C.B. Diamond,
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

Some time last Spring I mailed you \$1.00 for a subscription to your publication.

To date I have not received an issue from

you and I would appreciate your advising me when my subscription will commence.

Yours very truly,
James H. Clarke,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Mr. Clarke:

Thank you for your letter and immediately upon receipt of same we forwarded you our latest copy of The Diamond. The only explanation we can offer you for your not having received an issue prior to this time is that your subscription was inadvertently credited to another of the same name and for this error we apologise. We have now entered your name on our list of subscribers and shall date your subscription to commence with our December issue. We hope you shall continue to enjoy our magazine, and any time you care to communicate with us regarding the contents, your letters will be carefully noted.

Yours truly,
The Staff

** ** *

The Editor,
C.B. Diamond,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed under the same cover is a cheque for \$2.50 to renew our subscription to the C.B. Diamond. With all best wishes for continued success with The Diamond.

Yours sincerely,
D.P. Murphy, Executive Secretary

Dear Mr. Murphy:

Many thanks for your kind letter and generous subscription. We shall have pleasure in mailing you our magazine for the next three years and sincerely hope we shall merit your continued support by reason of our efforts. With best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours very truly,
The Staff

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The Editor,
C.B. Diamond,
Kingston, Ontario

Dear Sir:

I take the liberty of addressing you gentlemen on behalf of twenty ladies in this home where we are confined for various infirmities. While we are all somewhere in the sunset of life, our interests and mental faculties are still stirred by many of the fine articles appearing in your magazine. It is a distressing

thought that so many of the finest young men of this country through misfortune or worse, are locked up, and our fondest wish is that we may let you know that the articles appearing in your magazine bring cheer to aged hearts. With all our kindest wishes for your continued success, I remain

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Hettie Parker,
Toronto, Ontario

Dear Miss Parker:

There has seldom been a letter reach us that has so stirred our hearts and imagination as your touching communication. The contents of a penal magazine are of necessity somewhat limited as to humour, but we are most gratified to know that certain parts of it have met with your approval. We shall do our best to excite your interest in forthcoming issues and take this opportunity to wish yourself and all with whom you are presently associated our very best wishes for a Happy and Healthy New Year.

Yours sincerely,
The Staff

** ** *

The C.B. Diamond,
P.O. Box 190, Kingston, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

I do not remember having seen anything in your magazine in the nature of criticism from any of your readers except the last one in which some unkind person wrote "Your magazine — phew!" To this you replied, somewhat ungallantly "Thanks — you too." Frankly, the purpose of this letter is to ascertain whether you do receive criticism which you do not publish, or whether most of your subscribers are so satisfied that they do not criticize you. Will you answer me honestly in this regard? If you want criticism you should get it because it may help you discover what more you could do to get your point across. Shall look forward to your answer.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) Mabel Marks,
Toronto.

Dear Mrs. Marks:

Thank you for your letter. Rest assured, anything worthy of an answer receives publication in our magazine, and while there may be some question as to the merit of the criticism we received to which you allude, we believe our reply was as chivalrous as such unconstructive criticism warranted. Your letter

Continued on Page 40

A Little Serious Thinking

Rick Windsor

ONCE in every person's life he sits down in some secluded spot to do a little serious thinking, in an effort to weight his life up to this certain point.

It usually takes some sort of tragedy, one way or another, before one settles down to these thoughts. Sometimes a sentence in prison, or a death in the immediate family, will sway the mind to the point where we feel it is time to think things over.

In my case it took a pair of tragedies—two losses which may never be recovered.

To get back to the thought department. Sooner or later a man or a woman has to set some goal in life, unless of course they are determined to end up being a burden to almost everyone with whom they come in contact. In order to achieve this mark, they have to start making preparations right away.

Once again, in my case, it was just two years ago I decided to make some definite change from my original plan in life: it was made possible for me to learn some sort of trade, and instead of ignoring the chance—as I had so many times in the past—I grabbed the opportunity immediately.

To change from one extreme to the other is hard. Believe me. No one in the world can do this without a lot of thought and determination. Naturally, the thing you have to do first is convince yourself you are sincere—then

comes the big part. Not only do you have to convince yourself you are sincere in your new efforts, but you have to convince the people you have known for so many years under your old way.

People can see the change in you after just a short while if you put your best efforts forth in the first three or four months. You not only help yourself, but you make the people you know give you the necessary confidence you need to carry on. All your letters are filled with confidence and encouragement and your parents are more than pleased with the new ideas you have come up with. It has been almost five years since I have enjoyed the freedom of the outside world. But, with this new trade and this new outlook on life, I am anxious to get 'out there' and give it an all-out effort.

I know I can be a success, and the one thing I need—or any man being released from prison wants—is the necessary confidence, from his friends or his employers. These people are just as important to us men as are our trades.

Night after night since I have learned my trade I have made plans I hope to be able to put into reality come the day of my release, and I have a strong feeling they will work out to perfection. I don't know about anyone else, but I for one enjoy this new outlook in life and am looking for the day to come when I can assure myself I can be a member of society instead of a menace.

NO MARGIN FOR ERROR

of men hanging for nearly an hour before they died are common (Toronto 1952) (Ottawa 1946.

When society can truthfully say and prove

Continued from Page 9

that capital punishment is a deterrent to murder, then the controversy will die down and be accepted as just. But until that day arises, the savagery of an enlightened society shall continue to dim their own intelligence.

MAIL BAG

smacks of withheld criticism and we shall await such from you at your leisure. Until such time as we receive your letter, we wish

Continued from Page 39

*you a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.
Sincerely,
The Staff*

A chip on the shoulder indicates there is wood higher up.

—Anon



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PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE

*Twelve strokes of the clock resound,
Friends and relatives gather 'round,
A fresh New Year to welcome in,
And exit the old amidst the din.
Twelve new months are stretched ahead,
Thru these your future will be lead,
Along the corridors of the seasons,
Exposed to Time's whims and reasons.*

GUNNER

**The C. B. Diamond
P.O. Box 190,
Kingston - Ontario**